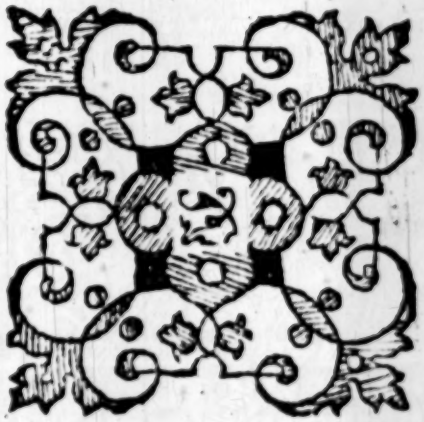
THE Worthines of Wales:

Wherein are more then a thouſand ſeuerall things rehearſed: ſome ſet out in proſe to the pleaſure of the Reader, and with ſuch varietie of verſe for the beautifying of the Book, as no doubt ſhal delight thouſands to vnderſtand.

Which worke is enterlarded with many wonders and right ſtrange matter to conſider of: All the which labour and deuice is drawne forth and ſet out by Thomas Churchyard, *to the glorie of God, and honour of his Prince and Countrey.*



¶Imprinted at London, by G. *Robinſon, for Thomas Cadman.*

1587.

To the Queenes

moſt Excellent Maieſtie, Elizabeth,

by the grace of God, Queene of England,
Fraunce and Ireland, &c. Thomas Churchyard *wiſheth alwayes bleſſednes, good fortune,* victorie, and worldly honour, with the encreaſe of quiet raigne, vertuous lyfe, and moſt Princely gouernment.

MOST Redoubted and Royall Queene, that Kings doe feare, Subiects doe honour, ſtrangers ſeeke ſuccour of, and people of ſpeciall ſpirit acknowledge (as their manifold books declare) I leaſt of all, preſume to farre, either in preſenting matter to be iudged of, or to aduenture the cracking of credite, with writing any thing, that may breede miſlike (preſents not well taken) in the deepe iudgement of ſo high and mightie a Princeſſe. But where a multitude runnes forward (forced through deſire or fortune) to ſhewe duetie, or to ſee what falleth out of their forwardnes, I ſtepping in among the reſt, am driuen and led (by affec-

tion to followe) beyond the force of my power or feeling of any learned arte. So being thrust on with the throng, I finding my self brought before the presence of your Maiestie (but barely furnished of knowledge) to whom I must vtter some matter of delight, or from whom I must retourne all abashed with open disgrace. Thus Gracious Lady, vnder your Princely fauour I haue vndertaken to set foorth a worke in the honour of VVales, where your highnes auncestors tooke name, and where your Maiestie is as much loued and feared, as in any place of your highnesse dominion. And the loue and obedience of which people so exceedes, and surpasseth the common goodwill of the worlde, that it seemeth a wonder in our age (wherein are so many writers) that no one man doth not worthely according to the countries goodnes set forth that noble Soyle and Nation. Though in deede diuers haue sleightly written of the same, and some of those labours deserueth the reading, yet except the eye be a witnes to their workes, the writers can not therein sufficiently yeeld due commendation to those stately Soyles and Principalities. For which cause I haue trauayled sondry times of purpose through the same, and what is written of I haue beheld, and throughly seene, to my great contentment

tentment and admiration. For the Cities, Townes, and goodly Castles thereof are to be mused on, and merites to bee registred in euerlasting memorie, but chiefly the Castles (that stand like a company of Fortes) may not be forgotten, their buyldings are so princely, their strength is so greate, and they are such stately seates and defences of nature. To which Castles great Royaltie and liuings belongeth, and haue bene and are in the giftes of Princes, now possessed of noble men and such as they appoint to keep them. The royalties whereof are alwayes looked vnto, but the Castles doe dayly decay, a sorrowfull sight and in a maner remediles. But nowe to come to the cõditions of the people, & to shew somewhat of their curtesie, loyalty, & naturall kindnes, I presume your Maiestie will pardon me to speake of, for of trueth your highnes is no soner named among them, but such a generall reioysing doth arise, as maketh glad any good mans hart to behold or heare it, it proceeds of such an affectionate fauour. For let the meaneſt of the Court come downe to that countrey, he shalbe so saluted, halsed and made of, as though he were some Lords sonne of that soyle, & further the plain people thinks it debt & duetie, to follow a strangers Sturrop (being out of the way) to bring him where

he wisheth, which gentlenes in all countries is not vsed, and yet besides all this goodnes and great regard, there is neither hewe nor cry (for a robbery) in many hundreth myles riding, so whether it be for feare of iustice, loue of God, or good disposition, small Robberies or none at all are heard of there. They triumph likewise so much of fidelitie, that the very name of a falsifier of promes, a murtherer or a theef, is most odious among them, especially a Traytor is so hated, that his whole race is rated at and abhord as I haue heard there, report of Parrie and others, who the common people would haue torne in peeces if the lawe had not proceeded. And such regard they haue one of another, that neither in market townes, high wayes, meetings, nor publicke assemblies they striue not for place, nor shewe any kind of roysting: for in sted of such high stomackes and stoutnes, they vse frendly salutations and courtesie, acknowledging duetie thereby, & doing such reuerence to their betters, that euery one in his degree is so well vnderstood and honored, that none can iustly say hee hath suffered iniurie, or found offence by the rude & burbarous behauiour of the people. These vsages of theirs, with the rest that may be spoken of their ciuil maner and honest frame of lyfe, doth argue there is

some

ſome more nobler nature in that Nation, then is generally reported, which I doubt not but your Highnes is as willing to heare as I am deſirous to make manifeſt and publiſh: the hope whereof redoubleth my boldnes, and may happely ſheeld me from the hazard of worlds haſtie iudgement, that condemnes men without cauſe for writing that they know, and prayſing of people before their faces: (which ſuſpicious heads call a kind of adulation) but if telling of troth, be rebukable, and playne ſpeeches be offenſiue, the ignorant world ſhall dwell long in errors, and true writers may ſodaynly ſit in ſilence. I haue not only ſearched ſondry good Authors for the confirmation of my matter, but alſo paynfully traueiled to trye out the ſubſtance of that is written, for feare of committing ſome vnpardonable fault and offence, in preſenting this Booke vnto your Highneſſe. VVhich worke, albeit it is but litle, (becauſe it treateth not of many Shieres) yet greatly it ſhal reioyce the whole Countrey of VVales, whē they ſhall heare it hath found fauour in your gracious ſight, & hath paſſed through thoſe bleſſed hands, that holds the rayne and bridle of many a ſtately Kingdome, and Terrytorie. And my ſelfe ſhall reape ſo much gladneſſe, by the free paſſage of this ſimple labour, that

here-

hereafter I shall goe through (GOD sparing life) with the rest of the other Shieres not heere named. These things only taken in hãd, to cause your Highnesse to knowe, what puysance and strength such a Princesse is of, that may commaund such a people: and what obedience loue and loyaltie is in such a Countrey, as hereunto hath bin but little spoken of, and yet deserueth most greatest lawdation. And in deede the more honorable it is, for that your Highnesse princely Auncestors sprong forth of the noble braunches of that Nation. Thus duetifully praying for your Maiesties long preseruation, (by whose bountie and goodnesse I a long while haue liued)

I wish your Highnesse all the hap, honour, victorie, and harts ease, that can be desired or imagined.

Your Highnesse humble Seruant and Subiect, Thomas Churchyard.

To euery louing and *friendly Reader.*

IT may ſeeme ſtraunge (good Reader) that I haue choſen in the end of my daies to trauaile, and make diſcription of Countries: whereas the beginning of my youth (and a long while after) I haue haũted the warres, and written ſomewhat of Martiall Diſcipline: but as euery ſeaſon breedeth a ſeuerall humour, and the humours of men are diuers: (drawing the mynd to ſondrie diſpoſitions) ſo common occaſion that commands the iudgement, hath ſet me a worke, and the warme good will & affection, borne in breaſt, towards the worthie Countrey of Wales, hath haled me often forward, to take this labour in hand, which many before haue learnedly handled. But yet to ſhewe a difference in writing, and a playnneſſe in ſpeech (becauſe playne people affects no floriſhing phraſe) I haue now in as ample a maner (without borrowed termes) as I could, declared my opinion of that ſweete Soyle and good Subiects therof, euen at that very inſtant, when Wales was almoſt forgotten, or ſcarce remembred with any great lawdation, when it hath merited to be written of: for ſondrie famous cauſes moſt meete to be honored, and neceſſary to be touched in. Firſt, the world will confeſſe (or els it ſhall do wrong) that ſome of our greateſt Kings (that haue conquered much) were borne & bred in that Countrey: which Kings in their times, to the glory of England, haue wrought wonders, & bronght great benefites to our weale publicke. Among the ſame Princes, I pray you giue me leaue to place our good Queene Elizabeth, and pardõ me withall to com-

mit you to the Chronicles, for the seeking out of her Auncestors noble actions, and suffer me to shewe a little of the goodnesse, gathered by vs, from her Maiesties well doing, and possessed a long season from her princely and iust dealings. An act so noble & notorious, that neither can escape immortall fame, nor shall not passe my pen vnrested.

Now weigh in what plight was our state when she came first to the Crowne, and see how soone Religion was reformed, (a matter of great moment) peace planted, and warres vtterly extinguished, as the sequell yet falleth out.

Then behold how she succoured the afflicted in *Fraunce*, (let the going to *Newhauen* beare witnesse) and chargeably without breaking of League mainteyned her friends and amazed her enemies.

Then looke into the seruice and preseruation of *Scotland* (at the siege of *Leeth*) and see how finely the French were al shipped away (they being a great power) and sent home in such sort, that neuer since they had mynd to returne thether againe, in that fashion and forme that they sayled towards *Scotland* at the first.

Then consider how bace our money was, & in what short tyme (with little losse to our Countrey) the bad coyne was conuerted to good siluer: and so is like to continue to the end of the world.

Then in the aduancing of Gods word and good people, regard how *Rochell* was relieued, and *Rone* and other places foud cause to pray for her life, who sought to purchace their peace and see them in safetie.

Then thinke on the care she tooke for *Flaunders*, during the first troubles, and how that Countrey had bene vtterly destroyed, if her Highnes helping hand had not propped vp that tottering State.

Then Christianly cõceiue how many multitudes of strangers she hath giuen gracious countenance vnto, and hath freely licensed them to liue here in peace and rest.

Then paise in an equall ballance the daungerous estate of *Scotland* once againe, when the Kings owne Subiects kept

the

the Caſtle of *Edenbrough* againſt their owne naturall Lord & Maiſter: which preſumptuous part of Subiects, her Highneſſe could not abide to behold: wherevpon ſhe ſent a ſufficient power to ayde the Kings Maieſtie: which power valiantly wonne the Caſtle, and freely deliuered the ſame to the right owner thereof, with all the treaſure and priſoners therein.

Then regard how honourably ſhe hath dealt with diuers Princes that came to ſee her, or needed her magnificēt ſupportation and countenance.

Then looke throughly into the mightineſſe & managing of all matters gone about and put in exerciſe princely, and yet peaceably ſince the day of her Highneſſe Coronation, and you ſhalbe forced to confeſſe that ſhe ſurmounts a great number of her Predeceſſors: and ſhe is not at this day no whit inferiour to the greateſt Monarke of the world.

Is not ſuch a peereles Queene then, a comfort to Wales, a glorie to England, and a great reioyſing to all her good neighbours? And doth not ſhe daily deſerue to haue bookes dedicated in the higheſt degree of honor to her Highneſſe? Yes vndoubtedly, or els my ſences and iudgement fayleth me.

So (good Reader) do iudge of my labours: my pen is procured by a band of cauſes to write as farre as my knowledge may leade: and my duetie hath no end of ſeruice, nor no limits are ſet to a loyall Subiect, but to wiſh and worke to the vttermoſt of power.

Within this worke are ſeuerall diſcourſes: ſome of the beautie & bleſſednes of the Countrey: ſome of the ſtrength and ſtatelyneſſe of their inpregnable Caſtles: ſome of their trim Townes and fine ſituation: ſome of their antiquitie, ſhewing from what Kings and Princes they tooke their firſt name and prerogatiue. So generally of all maner of matters belonging to that Soyle, as Churches, Monuments, Mountaynes, Valleys, Waters, Bridges, fayre Gentlemens houſes, and the reſt of things whatſoeuer, may become a writers pen to touch, or a readers iudgement to knowe. I write not

William Malmesburie de regibus anglorum.
Dauid Powell a late writer, yet excellently learned, made a sharp inuective against William Paruus and Polidor Virgill (& all their complices) accusing them of lying tongues, enuyous detraction, malicious slaunders, reproachfull and venomous language, wilfull ignorãce, dogged enuie, and canckered mindes, for that thei spake vnreuerently of Arthur, and many other thrise noble Princes.
Iesirey of Monmouth.
Matthewe of Westminster, and others are here in like sort to be read & looked on.

contenciously to find fault with any, or confute the former writers and tyme: but to aduaunce and winne credite to the present trueth, agreeing and yeelding to all former tymes and ages, that hath iustly giuen euery Nation their due, and truely without affection hath set downe in plaine words the worthines of plaine people: for I honor and loue as much a true Author, as I hate and detest a reporter of trifeling fables. A true Historie is called the Mistresse of life: and yet all Historyographers in writing of one thing, agree not well one with another: becausse the writers were not present in the tymes, in the places, nor saw the persons they make mẽtion of: but rather haue leaned and listned on the common report, than stayed or trusted to their owne experience.

Strabo a most famous writer findes fault (for the like occasion) with *Erstaotheus*, *Metrodorus*, *Septius*, *Possidonius*, and *Patrocles* the Geographer: And such discord did arise amõg writers in tyme past, as *Iosephus* saith against *Appio*, that they reprooued one another by bookes, and all men in generall reprooued *Herodotus*.

God shield me from such caueling: for I deliuer but what I haue seene and read: alledging for defence both auncient Authors, and good tryall of that is written. Wherefore (louing Reader) doe rather struggle with those two strong pillars of knowledge, than striue with the weakenesse of my inuention: which to auoyde sharpnesse (and bitter words) is sweetned and seasoned with gentle verses, more pleasant to some mens eares then prose, and vnder whose smooth grace of speech, more acceptable matter is conuayed, then the common sort of people can comprehend. For verses like a familiar friend (with a gallant phrase) rides quietly by thousands, and dasheth no one person, and galloping cleanly away merites no rebuke: when prose with a soft pace cannot with such cunning passe vnperceiued. But albis one when in neither of both is found no matter of mistrust, nor speeches to offend, there is no cause of dislike. So craving thy good opinion, good Reader farewell.

A true note of the

auncient Caſtles, famous Monu-

ments, goodly Riuers, faire Bridges,
fine Townes, and courteous people,
that I haue ſeene in the noble
Countrie of *Wales*.

THrough ſondrie Soyles, and ſtately Kingdomes ritch,
Long haue I traeſt, to tread out time and yeares:
Where I at will, haue ſurely ſeene right mitch,
As by my woꝛkes, and ꝓinted bookes appeares.
And wearied thus, with toyle in ſoꝛrayne place,
I homeward dꝛue, to take ſome reſt a ſpace:
But labouring mynd, that reſts not but in bed,
Began a freſh, to trouble reſtles hed.

The Authors troubleſome life briefely ſet downe.

Then newfound toyles, that hales men all in haſte,
To runne on head, and loke not where they goe:
Bade reaſon ride, where loue ſhould be enbꝛaſte,
And where tyme could, his labour beſt beſtowe.
To Wales (quoth Wit), there doth plaine people dwell,
So mayſt thou come, to heauen out of hell:
Foꝛ Fraunce is fine, and full of faithleſſe waies,
Poore Flaunders groſſe, and farre from happie daies.

Ritch Spayne is ꝓoude, and ſterne to ſtraungers all,
In Italie, poyſning is alwaies rife:

A ſhort note of the nature of many Coũtries, with the diſpoſition of the people there.

And Germanie, to Drunkennesse doth fall,
The Danes likewise, doe leade a bibbing life.
The Scots seeke bloud, and beare a cruell mynd,
Ireland growes nought, the people ware vnkynd:
England God wot, hath learnde such leawdnesse late,
That Wales methinks, is now the soundest state.

A commendation of the loyaltie of Welshmen.

In all the rest, of Kingdomes farre or nere,
A tricke or two, of treacherie staynes the Soyle:
But since the tyme, that rule and lawe came here,
This Brittish land, was neuer put to foyle,
For foule offence, or fault it did commit:
The people here, in peace doth quiet sit,
Obayes the Prince, without reuolt or iarre,
Because they know, ethe smart of Ciuill warre.

A rehearsall of great strife and dissention that ruinated Wales.

Whiles quarrels rage, did nourish ruyne and wracke,
And Owen Glendore, set blodie broyles abroach:
Full many a Towne, was spoyld and put to sacke,
And cleane consum'd, to Countries foule reproach.
Great Castles raste, fayre Buyldings burnt to dusk,
Such reuell raignde, that men did liue by lusk:
But since they came, and yeelded vnto Lawe,
Most meeke as Lambe, within one poke they drawe.

How Lawe and loue links men together like brethren.

Like brethren now, doe Welshmen still agree,
In as much loue, as any men aliue:
The friendship there, and concord that I see,
I doe compare, to Bees in Honey hiue.
Which keepe in swarme, and hold together still,
Yet gladly showe, to straunger great good will:
A courteous kynd, of loue in euery place,
A man may finde, in simple peoples face.

The accustomed courtesie of Wales.

Passe where you please, on Plaine or Mountaine wilde,
And beare your selfe, in sweete and ciuill sort:

And

And you shall sure, be hault with man and childe,
Who will salute, with gentle comely port
The passers by: on braues they stand not so,
Without good speech, to let a trau'ler go:
They thinke it dett, and duetie franke and free,
In Towne or fielde, to yeeld you cap and knee.

They will not striue, to royst and take the way,
Of any man, that trauailes through their Land:
A greater thing, of Wales now will I say,
Ye may come there, beare purse of gold in hand,
Or mightie bagges, of siluer stuffed throwe,
And no one man, dare touch your treasure now:
Which shewes some grace, doth rule and guyde them there,
That doth to God, and man such Conscience beare.

No such theft and robberie in Wales as in other Countries.

Behold besides, a further thing to note,
The best cheape cheare, they haue that may be found:
The shot is great, when each mans paies his groate,
If all alike, the reckoning runneth round.
There market good, and victuals nothing deare,
Each place is filde, with plentie all the yeare:
The ground mannurde, the graine doth so encrease,
That thousands liue, in wealth and blessed peace.

Victuals good cheape in most part of Wales.

But come againe, vnto their courteous shoe,
That wins the hearts, of all that markes the same:
The like whereof, through all the world doe goe,
And scarce ye shall, finde people in such frame.
For meeke as Doue, in lookes and speech they are,
Not rough and rude, (as spitefull tongues declare)
No sure they seeme, no sooner out of shell,
(But nature shewes) they knowe good maners well.

A great rebuke to those that speakes not truely of Wales.

How can this be, that weaklings nurst so harde,
(Who barely goes, both barefoote and vncled)

Good disposition neuer wants good maners.

The worthines

In gifts of mynd, should haue so great regarde,
Except within, from birth some grace were bred.
It must be so, doe wit not me deceaue,
What nature giues, the world cannot bereaue:
In this remaines, a secrete worke deuine,
Which shewe they rise, from auncient race and line.

Good & true Authors that affirmes more goodnesse in Wales than I write of.

In Authors old, you shall that plainly reade,
Geraldus one, and learned Geffrey two:
The third for troth, is Venerable Beade,
That many graue, and worthie workes did doe.
What néedes this prowfe, or genalogies here,
Their noble blood, doth by their liues appeare:
Their stately Townes, and Castles euery where,
Of their renawme, doth daily witnesse beare.

A description of Mon-
mouth Shiere.

Two Riuers by Mõmouth, the one called Monnow, and the other Wye.

FIrst I begin, at auncient Monmouth now,
That stands by Wye, a Riuer large and long:
I will that Shiere, and other Shieres goe throwe,
Describe them all, or els I did them wrong.
It is great blame, to writers of our daies,
That treates of world, and giues to Wales no praise:
They rather hyde, in clowde (and cunning foyle)
That Land than yéeld, right glorie to that Soyle,

King Henry the fifth.

A King of ours, was borne in Monmouth sure,
The Castle there, records the same a right:
Neere the Towne Sir Charles Harbert of Troy dwelt in a faire Seate called Troy.

And though the walles, which cannot still endure,
Through sore decay, shewes nothing fayre to sight.
In Seate it selfe, (and well plaste Citie old)
By view ye may, a Princely plot behold:

Good mynds they had, that first those walles did raise,
That makes our age, to thinke on elders daies.

At Wynestow now dwels Sir Thomas Harbert, a little from the same Troy.

The King here borne, did proue a peereles Prince,
He conquerd Fraunce, and raign'd nine yeeres in hape:
There was not here, so great a Victor since,
That had such chaunce, and Fortune in his lap.
For he by fate, and force did couet all,
And as turne came, stroke hard at Fortunes ball:
With manly mynd, and ran a reddie way,
To lose a iopnt, or winne the Gole by play.

If Monmouth bring, such Princes forth as this,
A Soyle of grace, it shalbe calde of right:
Speake what you can, a happie Seate it is,
A trim Shiere towne, for Noble, Barron or Knight.
A Cittie sure, as free as is the best,
Where Size is kept, and learned Lawyers rest:
Buylt auncient wise, in sweete and wholesome ayre,
Where the best sort, of people oft repayre.

Maister Roger Ieames dwelt at Troy nere this Towne.

Not farre from thence, a famous Castle fine,
That Raggland hight, stands moted almost round:
Made of Freestone, vpright as straight as line,
Whose workmanship, in beautie doth abound.
The curious knots, wrought all with edged tole,
The stately Tower, that lookes ore Pond and Pole:
The Fountaine trim, that runs both day and night,
Doth yeeld in showe, a rare and noble sight.

The Earle of Worcesters house and Castle.
The Earle of Penbroke that was created Earle by King Edward the 4. buylt the Castell of Raggland sumptuously at the first.

Now Chepstowe comes, to mynd (as well it may)
Whose Seate is set, some part vpon an hill:
And through the Towne, to Neawport lyes a way,
That ore a Bridge, on Wye you ride at will.
This Bridge is long, the Riuer swift and great,
The Mountaine bigge, about doth shade the Seate:

Earle of Worcester Lord hereof.
A faire bridge.
Maister Lewis of Saint Peere dwelles neere that.

Sir Charles Sommerset at the Grange doth dwell now.

The craggie Rocks, that ore the Towne doth lye,
Of force farre of, doth hinder viewe of eye.

The common Port, and Hauen is so good,
It merits praise, because Barkes there doe ride:
To which the Sea, comes in with flowing flood,
And doth foure bowers, aboue the Bridge abide.
Beyond the same, doth Tynterne Abbey stand,
As old a Sell, as is within that Land:
Where diuers things, hath bene right worthie note,
Whereof as yet, the troth I haue not gote.

Sir William Morgan that is dead dwelt at Pennycoyd.

Harbet of Colbroke buryed there.

Chepstow.

In the Castle there is an ancient tower called Longis tower, wherby rests a tale to be considered of.

To Chepstowe yet, my pen agayne must passe,
Where Strongbow once, (an Earle of rare renowne)
A long time since, the Lord and Maister was
(In princely sort) of Castle and of Towne.
Then after that, to Mowbray it befell,
Of Norffolke Duke, a worthie knowne full well:
Who sold the samet, o William Harbert Knight,
That was the Earle, of Penbrooke then by right.

Of this Earle is a great and worthie tale to be heard

A peece of a petigree.

Earle Strongbowe was maried to the King of Lynsters Daughter in Ireland, and this Strongbowe wan by force of armes the Earledoms of Wolster & Tyroll.

His eldest Sonne, that did succeede his place,
(Of Huntyngton: and Penbrooke Earle likewise)
Had but one childe, a Daughter of great race:
And she was matcht, with pompe and solempne guise,
To Somerset, that was Lord Chamberlaine,
And made an Earle, in Henry seuenths raigne:
Of him doth come, Earle Worster liuing nowe,
Who buildeth vp, the house of Raggland throwe.

A Creation of an Earle.

EDward by the grace of God, King most imperiall,
Of France, & England, & the Lord of Ireland therwithall,
To Archbishops, & Bishops all, to Abbotes and to Priors
To Dukes, to Earles, to Barrons, & to Sheriffes of the shires,

To

To Iuſtices, to Maiors, and chiefe of Townly gouernment,
To Bayliffes, & my lichefolke all, haue herewith greeting ſent.
Knowe ye whereas we iudge it is a gracious Prince his parte,
To yeld loue, fauour, and reward to men of great deſarte:
Who of himſelfe, his Royall houſe, and of the publique ſtate,
Haue well deſeru'd, their vertues rare euer to renumerate:
And to adorne with high reward, ſuch vertue cleere and bright,
Stirs others vp to great attempts, and faintnes puts to flight.
We following on the famous cõurſe, ꝑ former Kings haue run,
That worthie & approued wight, whoſe deedes moſt nobly dun,
Haue greateſt things of vs deſeru'd, we do intend to raiſe,
To fame and honors higheſt type, with gifts of Princely praiſe,
That truely regall are we meane, that valiant worthie Knight,
That William Herbert hath to name, & now L. Herbert hight.
Whoſe ſeruice whẽ we firſt did raigne, we did moſt faithful find.
When for our royal right we fought, which ſtil we call to mind:
To which we ad from then till now, continuall ſeruices,
Which many were whereof each one, to vs moſt pleaſing is.
And chiefly when as lately now, his deedes did him declare,
A worthie Knight wherby he gayn'd, both fame and glorie rare:
When as that Rebell and our foe, euen Iaſper Tudyrs ſonne,
who ſaid he Earle of Penbroke was, did weſtwales coaſt ouerrũ.
And there by ſubtile ſhifts and force, did diuers ſondrie waies
Anoy our State, and therewithall a vyle Sedition raiſe.
But there he gaue to him a fielde, and with a valiant hand
Ouerthrew him and his forces all, that on his part did ſtand.
And marching all along thoſe Coaſts, ꝑ moſt he flew out right,
The reſt he brake and ſo diſperſt, they gaue themſelues to flight.
Our Caſtle then of Hardelach, that from our firſt daies raigne,
A refuge for all Rebels did, againſt vs ſtill remaine:
A Fort of wonderous force, beſiege about did he,
And toke it, where in moſt mens mynds, it could not taken be.
He wan it & did make them yeld, who there their ſaftie ſought,
And all the Countrie thereabouts, to our obedience brought.
Theſe therefore his moſt worthie Acts, we calling into minde,
His ſeruices and great deſarts, which we praiſe worthie finde:

And

And for that cause we willing him, with honors royally
For to adorne, decke, and aduaunce, and to sublime on hye.
The eight day of September, in the eight yeere of our Raigne,
We by this Charter, that for ours shall firme for euer remaine
Of speciall grace and knowledge sure, sound and determinate,
And motiõ meere him William doe, of Penbroke Count create
Erect, preferre, and vnto him the Title stile and state,
And name thereof and dignitie, forever appropriate,
As Earle of Penbroke and withall, we giue all rights that do
All honors and preheminence, that state perteyne vnto:
With which estate, stile, honor, great, and worthie dignitie,
By cincture of a Sword, we him ennoble reallie.

The Authors verses in the honor of noble mynds.

For that the sence, and worthie words were great,
The seruice such, as merites noble fame:
The forme thereof, in verse I doe repeate,
And shewe likewise, the Latin of the same.
He seru'd a King, that could him well reward,
And of his house, and race toke great regard,
And recompenst, his manly doing right,
With honor due, to such a noble Knight.

Good men are made of, and bad men rebuked.

Where loyall mynd, doth offer life and all,
For to preserue, the Prince and publique state:
There doth great hap, and thankfull Fortune fall,
As guerdon sent, by destnie and good fate.
No Soueraine can, forget a Subiects troeth,
With whose good grace, great loue and fauour goeth:
Great gifts and place, great glorie and renowne,
They get and gayne, that truely serues a Crowne.

Sir William Harbert of Saint Gillyans.

And thou my Knight, that art his heire in blood,
Though Lordship, land, and Ragglands stately towers,
A female heire, and force of fortunes flood
Haue thee bereft, yet bearst his fruits and flowers:

His armes, his name, his faith and mynd are thyne,
By nature, nurture, arte and grace deuyne:
The Seas and Lands, these moue thee paynes to take,
For God, for fame, for thy swete Soueraines sake.

Here followeth the Creation *of an Earle of Penbroke in Latin.*

EDwardus Dei gracia Rex Anglię & Fraunciæ & Dominus Hiberniç, Archiepiscopis, Episcopis, Abbatib⁹, Prioribus, Ducibus, Comitibus, Baronibus, Iusticiarijs, Vicecomitibus, Prepositis, Ministris, & omnibus Balliuis, & fidelibus suis, salutẽ. Sciatis quod cum felicis & grati admodum Regis munus censeamus, de se, de Regia domo, deque Republica & regno bene meritas personas, cõgruis amore, beneuolentia & liberalitate prosequi: denique & iuxta eximias probitates, easdem magnificentiùs ornare & decorare, quatenus in personis huiuscemodi congestis clarissimis virtutum prẽmijs ceteri, socordia ignauiaque sepositis ad peragenda pulcherrima quæque facinora laude & gloria concitentur: Nos ne à maiorum nrõ laudatissimis moribus discedere videamur, nostri esse officij putamus probatissimũ nobis virum qui ob res ab se clarissimè gestas quàm maxima de nobis promeruit, condignis honorũ fastigijs attollere & verè regijs insignire muneribus. Strenuum & insignem loquimur militẽ Willũm Herbert Dominum Herbart, iam defunctũ, cuius in regni nostri primordijs obsequia gratissima tum nobis multipliciter impensa cum nrõ pro iure decertaretur, satis ambiguè obliuisci non possumus accessere & de post in hoc vsque temporis continuata seruicia, que non parum nobis fuere complacita, presertim nuperimis hijs diebus quibus optimum se gessit militem, ac non mediocres sibi laudis & fame titulos comparauit. Hijs equidem iampridẽ cũ Rebellis, hostisque nostri Iasper Owini Tedur filliũ, nuper Pembrochiæ se Comitem dicens, Walliæ partes per-

 uaderet,

uaderet, multaque arte ad contra nos & ſtatum noſtrum vilem populo ſeditionem concitandum truculentiam moliretur, ſocietatis ſibi ad eandem rem conficiendam electiſsimis viris fidelibus noſtris arma cepit, confligendi copiam hoſtibus exhibuit, adeoque valida manu peruaſus ab ipſis partes peruagatus eſt & nuſquam eis locum permiſerit quo nō eos compliceſque affligauerit, vires eorūdem fregerit, morteque affecerit, ſeu deſperantes in fugam propulerit, demum Caſtrum noſtrum de Hardelagh nobis ab initio regni noſtri contrarium, quo vnicum miſeris patebat refugium, obſidione vallabat, quod capi impoſsible ferebatur, cepit, incluſos que ad deditionem compulit, adiacentem quoq; primam omnem noſtram Regiæ Maieſtati rebellem hactenus ad ſummam obedientiam reduxit. Hæc itaque ſua laudabilia obſequia, promeritaque memoriter & vt decet intimè recolentes volenteſque proinde eundem Willūm condignis honoribus, regalibúſque præmijs ornare amplicare & ſublimare, octauo die Septembris anno regni noſtri octauo, per Chartam noſtram de gratia noſtra ſpeciali ac ex certa ſcientia & mero motu noſtris ipſum Willūm in Comitem Pembrochiæ ereximus, præfecerimus, & creauerimus, & ei nomē, ſtatum, ſtilum, titulum, & dignitatem Comitis Pembrochie cum omnibus & ſingulis preēminencijs honoribus & ceteris quibuſcunque huius ſtatui Comitis pertinentibus, ſiue congruis dederimus & conceſſerimus, ipſumq; huiuſmodi ſtatu, ſtilo, titulo, honore, & dignitate per cincturam gladij inſigniuerimus, & realiter nobilitauerimus.

This was ſet downe, for cauſes more then one,
The world beleeues, no more than it hath ſeene:
When things lye dead, and tyme is paſt and gone,
Blynd people ſay, it is not ſo we weene.
It is a tale, deuiſde to pleaſe the eare,
More for delight, of toyes then troth may beare:
But thoſe that thinks, this may a fable be,
To Authors good, I ſend them here from me.

First let them search, Records as I haue done,
Then shall they finde, this is most certaine true:
And all the rest, before I here begun,
Is taken out, not of no writers nue.
The oldest sort, and soundest men of skill
Myne Authors are, now reade their names who will:
Their workes, their words, and so their learning through,
Shall shewe you all, what troth I write of now.

BEcause many that fauoured not Wales (partiall writers and historians) haue written & set downe their owne opinions, as they pleased to publish of that Countrey: I therefore a little degresse from the orderly matter of the booke, and touch somewhat the workes and wordes of them that rashly haue written more then they knewe, or well could proue.

As learned men, hath wrote graue works of yore,
So great regard, to natiue Soyle they had:
For such respect, I blame now Pollydore:
Because of Wales, his iudgement was but bad.
If Buckanan, the Scottish Poet late
Were here in spyte, of Brittons to debate:
He should finde men, that would with him dispute,
And many a pen, which would his works confute.

But with the dead, the quick may neuer striue,
(Though sondrie works, of theirs were little worth)
Yet better farre, they had not bene aliue,
Than sowe such seedes, as brings no goodnesse forth:
Their praise is small, that plucks backe others fame,
Their loue not great, that blots out neighbours name,
Their bookes but brawles, their bable bauld and bare,
That in disdaine, of fables writers are.

What fable more, then say they knowe that thing
They neuer sawe, and so giue iudgement streight:

And by their bookes, the world in error bring,
That thinks it reades, a matter of great weight.
When that a tale, of much vntroth is told:
Thus all that shines, and glisters is not gold:
Nor all the bookes, that auncient Fathers wrate
Are not alo'wd, for troth in euery state.

Though Cæsar was, a wise and worthie Prince,
And conquerd much, of Wales and England both:
The writers than, and other Authors since,
Did flatter tyme, and still abuse the troth.
Some for a fee, and some did humors feede,
When sore was healde, to make a wound to bleede:
And some sought meanes, their patient still to please,
When body throwe, was full of foule disease.

The worldly wits, that with each tyme would wagge,
Were caryed cleane, away from wisedomes lore:
They rather watcht, to fill an emptie bagge,
Than touch the tyme, then present or before:
Nor car'd not much, for future tyme to come,
They rould vp tyme, like threede about the thome:
And when their clue, on trifles all was spent,
Much rotten stuffe, vnto the garment went.

Which stuffe patcht vp, a peece of homely ware,
In Printers shop, set out to sale sometyme:
Which ill wrought worke, at length became so bare,
It neither seru'd, for prose nor pleasant tyme:
But past like chat, and old wiues tales full vayne,
That thunders long, but neuer brings forth rayne:
A kynd of sound, that makes a hurling noyse,
To feare young babes, with brute of bugges and toyes.

But aged sires, of riper wit and skill,
Disdaines to reade, such rabble farst with lyes:

This is enough, to shewe you my goodwill
Of Authors true, and writers graue and wise.
Whose pen shall proue, each thing in printed booke,
Whose eyes withall, on matter straunge did looke:
And whose great charge, and labour witnesse beares,
Their words are iust, they offer to your eares.

Each Nation had, some writer in their daies
For to aduaunce, their Countrey to the Starres:
Homer was one, who gaue the Greekes great praise,
And honord not, the Troyans for their warres.
Liui among, the Romaines wrate right mitch,
With rare renowne, his Countrey to enritch:
And Pollidore, did ply the pen a pace,
To blurre straunge Soyles, and yeeld the Romaines grace.

Admit they wrate, their volumes all of troeth,
(And did affect, ne man nor matter then)
Yet writer sees, not how all matters goeth
In field: when he, at home is at his pen.
This Pollidore, sawe neuer much of Wales,
Though he haue told, of Brittons many tales:
Cæsar himself, a Victor many a way,
Went not so farre, as Pollidore doth say.

Kings are obayd, where they were neuer seene,
And men may write, of things they heare by eare:
So Pollidore, oft tymes might ouerweene,
And speake of Soyles, yet he came neuer there.
Some runne a ground, that through each water sailes,
A Pylot good, in his owne Compasse failes:
A writer that, beleeues in worlds report,
May roue to farre, or surely shoote to short.

The eye is iudge, as Lanterne cleere of light,
That searcheth through, the dim and darkest place:

The gladsome eye, giues all the bodie sight,
It is the glasse, and beautie of the face.
But where no face, nor iudging eye doth come,
The sence is blynd, the spirit is deafe and dome:
For wit can not, conceiue till sight send in
Some skill to head, whereby we knowledge win.

If straungers speake, but straungely on our state,
Thinke nothing straunge, though straungers write amis:
If straungers do, our native people hate,
Our Countrey knowes, how straunge their nature is.
Most straunge it were, to trust a forayne foe,
Or fauour those, that we for straungers knowe:
Then straungely reade, the bookes that straungers make,
For feare ye shroude, in bosome stinging Snake.

Polidorus Virgilius spake all of his owne nations praise, and sawe but little of Brittaine, nor loued the same.

The straungers still, in auncient tyme that wrate,
Exalt themselues, and keepes vs vnder foote:
As we of kynd, and nature doe them hate,
So beare they rust, and canker at the roote
Of heart, to vs, when pen to paper goeth,
Their cunning can, with craft so cloke a troeth,
That hardly we, shall haue them in the winde,
To smell them forth, or yet their fineneſſe finde.

Venerable Bede, a noble writer.

Of force then must, you credite our owne men,
(Whose vertues works, a glorious garland gaynes)
Who had the gift, the grace and arte of pen:
And who did write, with such sweete flowing vaynes,
Gildas, a passing Poet of Brittaine.
That Honey seem'd, to drop from Poets quill:
I say no more, trust straungers and ye will,
Our Countrey breedes, as faithfull men as those,
As famous too, in stately verse or prose.

Sibilla, a deuine Prophetiar & writer.

And trueth I trowe, is likte among vs best:
For each man frounes, when fabling toyes they heare,

And

And though we count, but Robin Hood a Jeſt,
And old wiues tales, as tatling toyes appeare:
Yet Arthurs raigne, the world cannot denye,
Such proofe there is, the troth thereof to tryc:
That who ſo ſpeakes, againſt ſo graue a thing,
Shall bluſh to blot, the fame of ſuch a King.

Merlinus Ambroſius, a man of hye knowledge & ſpirit.

Condemne the daies, of elders great or ſmall,
And then blurre out, the courſe of preſent tyme:
Caſt one age downe, and ſo doe orethrow all,
And burne the bookes, of printed proſe or ryme:
Who ſhall beléeue, he rules or ſhe doth raigne
In tyme to come, if writers loſe their paine:
The pen records, tyme paſt and preſent doth,
Skill brings forth bookes, and bookes is nurſe to troth.

Now followes the Caſtles and *Townes neere Oske, and* there aboutes.

A pretie Towne, calde Oske néere Raggland ſtands,
A Riuer there, doth beare the ſelfeſame name:
His Thiſtall ſtreames, that runnes along the Sands,
Shewes that it is, a Riuer of great fame.
Freſh water ſwéete, this goodly Riuer yéelds,
And when it ſwels, it ſpreads ore all the Fields:
Great ſtore of Fiſh, is caught within this flood,
That doth in déede, both Towne and Countrey good.

A deſcription of Oske.

A thing to note, when Sammon failes in Wye,
(And ſeaſon there: goes out as order is)
Than ſtill of courſe, in Oske doth Sammons lye,
And of good Fiſh, in Oske you ſhall not miſs.
And this ſeemes ſtraunge, as doth through Wales appeere,
In ſome one place, are Sammons all the yeere:

Two Riuers nere together of ſeuerall natures, ſhewes a ſtrange thing.

So

So fresh, so swéete, so red, so crimp withall,
As man might say, loe, Sammon here at call.

King Edward the fourth and his children, (as some affirme), and King Richard the third, were borne here.

A Castle there, in Oske doth yet remaine,
A Seate where Kings, and Princes haue bene borne
It stands full oze, a godly pleasant Plaine,
The walles whereof, and towers are all to tozne,
(With wethers blast, and tyme that weares all out)
And yet it hath a fayze prospect about:
Trim Meades and walkes, along the Riuers side,
With Bridge well built, the foyce of flood to bide.

Castle Stroge doth yet remaine three myle from Oske, but the Castle is almost cleane downe.

Upon the side, of woddie hill full fayze,
This Castle stands, full soze decayde and broke:
Yet builded once, in fresh and wholesome ayze,
Full nére great Woods, and many a mightie Oke.
But sith it weares, and walles so wastes away,
In praise thereof, I mynd not much to say:
Each thing decayd, goes quickly out of minde,
A rotten house, doth but fewe fauours finde.

In the Duchie of Lancaster, these three Castles are, but not in good plight any way.

Thrée Castles fayze, are in a godly ground,
Grosmont is one, on Hill it builded was:
Skenfreth the nezt, in Valley is it found,
The Soyle about, for pleasure there doth passe.
Whit Castle is, the third of wozthie fame,
The Countrey there, doth beare Whit Castles name,
A stately Seate, a loftie princely place,
Whose beautie giues, the simple Soyles some grace.

The Duke of Yorke once lay here, and now the Castell is in Maister Roger Willyams hands.

Two myles from that, vpon a mightie Hill,
Langibby stands, a Castle once of state:
Where well you may, the Countrey view at will,
And where there is, some buildings newe of late.
A wholesome place, a passing plat of ground,
As good an ayze, as there abouts is found:

It seemes to light, the Seate was plaſt so well,
In elders daies, some Duke therein did dwell.

Carleon now, step in with stately style,
No feeble phrase, may serue to set thee forth:
Thy famous Towne, was spoke of many a myle,
Thou hast bene great, though now but little worth.
Thy noble bounds, hath reacht beyond them all,
In thée hath bene, King Arthurs golden Hall:
In thée the wise, and worthies did repose,
And through thy Towne, the water ebs and flowes.

A description of Carleon.

Maister Morgan of Lanternam in a fayre house dwelles two mile from Carleon.

COme learned loze with loftie style,
and leade these lynes of myne:
Come gracious Gods, and spare a whyle
to me the Muses nyne.
Come Poets all, whose passing phrase
doth pearce the finest wits:
Come knowledge whereon world doth gase,
(yet still in iudgement sits)
And helpe my pen to play his parte,
for pen is stept on stage,
To shewe by skill and cunning arte,
the state of former age.
For present tyme hath friends enowe,
to flatter faune and faine:
And elders daies I knowe not how,
doe dwell in deepe disdaine.
No friend for auncient péeres we finde,
our age loues youth alone:
The former age weares out of minde,
as though such tyme were none.

A plaine and true rehearsall of matter of great antiquitie.

A fayre Fountaine now begun.
A free Schoole now erected by Maister Morgan of Lanternam.

A gird to the flatterers and faūers of present tyme.

A house of reformatiō newly begun likewise.

King Arthurs raigne (though true it weare)
Is now of small account:

The Bishop of Landaffe still lying in the Towne.

We praise and extoll strange Nations, and forget or abase our owne Countries.

The fame of Troy is knowne each where,
And to the Skyes doth mount.

Both Athens, Theabes, and Carthage too
We hold of great renowne:
What then I pray you shall we do,
To poore Carleon Towne.

In Arons the Martyrs Church King Arthur was crowned.

King Arthur sure was crowned there,
It was his royall Seate:
And in that Towne did Scepter beare,
With pompe and honor greate.

Three Archbishops, Yorke London, and Carleō, crowning King Arthur.

An Archbishop that Dubrick highte,
Did crowne this King in deede:
Foure Kings before him bore in sight,
Foure golden Swords we reede.

Arthur was great, that cōmanded such solemnitie.

These Kings were famous of renowne,
Yet for their homage due:
Repayrd vnto Carleon Towne,
As I rehearse to you.

The true Authors are in the beginning of this booke for proofe of this.

How many Dukes, and Earles withall,
Good Authors can you tell:
And so true writers shewe you shall,
How Arthur there did dwell.

What Court he kept, what Acts he did,
What Conquest he obtaynd:
And in what Princely honor still,
King Arthur long remaynd.

Another noble solemnitie at a Coronation.

Quéene Gueneuer was crown'd likewise,
In Iulius Church they say:

Where

Where that fower Queenes in solemne guise,
(In royall rich aray).

In Iustus Church the Martyr the Queene was crowned.

Foure Pigeons white, boze in their hands
Before the Princelle sate:
In signe the Queene of Brittish Lands,
Was worthie of that grace.

An honor rare and great yet seldome seene.

Carleon lodged all these Kings,
And many a noble Knight:
As may be prou'd by sondrie things,
That I haue seene in sight.

The bounds hath bene nine myles about,
The length thereof was great:
It shewes it self this day throughout,
It was a Princes Seate.

In Arthurs tyme a Table round,
Was there whereat he sate:
As yet a plot of gwdly ground,
Sets forth that rare estate.

A deepe and large round peece of groūd shewes yet where Arthur sate.

The Citie reacht to Creetchurch than,
And to Saint Gillyans both:
Which yet appeares to view of man,
To trye this tale a troth.

A Church on a hil a mile of. Saint Gillyans is a faire house where Sir William Harbert dwelles.

There are such Vautes and hollowe Caues,
Such walles and Condits deepe:
Wde all like pypes of earthen poes,
Wherein a child may creepe.

Such streates and pauements sondrie waies,
To euery market Towne:

Wonderfull huge and long pauements.

Such Bridges built in elders daies,
And things of such renowne.

The notablest seate to behold being on the top that may be seene.

As men may muse of to behold,
But chiefly for to note:
There is a Castle very old,
That may not be forgot.

The Castle almost downe.

It stands vpon a forced Hill,
Not farre from flowing flood:
Where loe ye view long Vales at will,
Enuyron'd all with wood.

The flowing water may easily be brought about both Towne and Castle.

A Seate for any King aliue,
The Soyle it is so sweete:
Fresh springs doth streames of water driue,
Almost through euery streate.

A great beautie of grounds, waters, groues, & other pleasures for the eye to be seene from the old Castle of Carleon.

From Castle all these things are seene,
as pleasures of the eye:
The goodly Groues and Vallies greene,
and woodie Mountaines hye.
The croked Creekes and pretie Brookes,
that are amid the Plaine:
The flowing Tydes that spreads the land,
and turnes to Sea againe.
The stately Woods that like a hoope,
doth compasse all the Vale:
The Princely plots that stands in troope,
to beautifie the Dale.
The Riuers that doth daily runne,
as cleare as Christall stone:
Shewes that most pleasures vnder Sunne,
Carleon had alone.

I haue seene Caues vnder ground (at this day) that goe I know not how farre, all made of excellent work, and goodly great stones both ouer head and vnder foote, &

Great ruth to see so braue a Soyle,
Fall in so sore decay:

In

In ſorowe ſit, full nere the ſoyle,
As Fortune fled away.

close and fine round about the whole Caue.

And would forſooke to knowledge thoſe,
That earſt hath bene ſo greate:
Where Kings and graue Philoſophers,
Made once therein their Seate.

Vrbs legionum was it namde,
In Cæſars daies I trowe:
And Arthur holding reſidence there,
(As ſtories plainly ſhowe).

The name ſo mightie argues it was a mightie and noble towne.

Not only Kings and noble Péeres,
Repayrde vnto that place:
But learned men full many yéeres,
Receiu'd therein their grace.

Two hundred Philoſophers were noriſhed in Carleon.

Than you that auncient things denyes,
Let now your talke ſurceaſe:
When proſe is brought before your eyes,
Ye ought to hold your peace.

And let Carleon haue his right,
And ioye his wonted fame:
And let each wiſe and worthie wight,
Speake well of Arthurs name.

Yeeld right as well to our elders daies, as to our preſent age.

Would God the bruite thereof were knowne,
In Countrey, Court, and Towne:
And ſhe that ſits in reagall Throne,
With Scepter, Sword, and Crowne.

(Who came from Arthurs raſe and lyne)
Would marke theſe matters throwe:

And shewe thereon her gracious eyne,
To helpe Carleon now.

Thus farre my pen in Arthurs praise,
Hath past for plainnesse sake:
In honor of our elders daies,
That keepes my muse awake.

All only for to publish plaine,
Tyme past, tyme present both:
That tyme to come, may well retaine,
Of each good tyme, the troth.

¶ An Introduction to the Letters sent from Lucius Tyberius, at the Coronation of King Arthur.

NOt vnwilling to delate and make large the matter now written of, & further because the raigne of King Arthur is diuersly treated on and vncertainly spoken of (the men of this world are growen so wise) I haue searched and found (in good Authors) such certaintie of King Arthur, and matter that merits the reading, that I am compelled with pen to explaine, and with some paines and studie to present the world with in generall. The substance whereof being in Latin, (may be read and vnderstood by thousands) is englished because the common sorte (as well as the learned) shall see how little the Kings and Princes of this Land, haue esteemed the power of the Romaines, or manaling and force of any forraine foe whatsoeuer. And for the amending of my tale, let our Soueraigne Lady be well remembred of, (whose graces pattern my pen to shewe) and you shall see great things are encountred, and no small matters gone about and brought to good passe, in the action afore named: which becommeth well a Queene of that race, who is descended of so noble a progenie. But now purposing orderly to procede to the

former discourse, and to rehearse word for word, as it was left by our forefathers, (men of great learning and knowledge) I haue set doune some such Letters and Orations, as peraduenture wil make you to maruell of, or at the least to thinke on so much, that some one among a multitude, will yeeld me thankes for my labour, and rather encourage a true writer to continue in the like exercises, then to giue him any occasion to sit vpon, and so forget the vse of pen. There followeth hereafter those things before mentioned, which I hope the Readers will iudge with aduisement, and construe to the best intent and meaning. For this matter not only shewes by good authoritie the royall Coronation of King Arthur, but in like manner declares with what pride and pomp the Romains sent hether (at the very instant of this great tryumph) for tribute and homage: at which proud and presumptuous demaund, King Arthur (and all his other Princes about him) began to bee greatly moued, and presently without further delay, gaue so sharpe and sodaine an answer to the Embassadors of Rome, that they were so vexed and abashed therewith, that they neither knewe well how to take it, nor made any further reply: as followes by matter presently here, if you please throughly to reade it. Consider withall, that after this Embassage, King Arthur in plaine battaile slue Lucius, and had gone to Rome to haue bene crowned Emperour there, if Mordred had not made a reuolt in Arthurs owne kingdome.

The Coronation, and solemnitie thereof: The Embassage, and proude message of the Romaines: And the whole resolution of King Arthur therein, is first set forth here in English.

THE appointed tyme of the solemnitie approching, and all being readie assembled in the Citie of Carleon, the Archbishops, London and Yorke: and in the Citie of Carleon the Archbishop Dubright were conueighed to the Palace, with royall

royall solemnitie to crowne King Arthur. Dubright therefore (because the Court then lay within his Diocelle, furnished himselfe accordingly to performe and solemnize this charge in his owne person. The King being crowned, was royally brought to the Cathedrall Church of that Metropoliticall See. On either hand of him, both the right and the left, did two Archbishoppes support him. And fower Kings, to wit, Anguselll King of Albania, Caduall King of Venedocia, Cador King of Cornewall, & Sater King of Demetia, went before him, carying iiii. golden Swords. The companies also and concourse of sondrie sorts of officers, played afore him most melodious & heauenly harmonie. On the other parte, the Quæne was brought to the Church of professed Nunnes, being cõducted and accompanied with Archbishops and Bishops, with her Armes and titles royally garnished. And the Quænes, being wiues vnto the fower Kings aforesayd, caryed before her (as the order and custome was) fower white Doues or Pigeons.

For behold, twelue discréete personages of reuerend countenance came to the King in stately maner, carying in their right hands in token and signe of Ambassage, Oliue boughes. And after they had saluted him, they deliuered vnto him on the behalfe of Lucius Tyberius, Letters contayning this effect.

¶ The Epistle of Lucius the Romaine *Lieutenant, to Arthur King of Britaine.*

LVcius Gouerner of the Commonwealth, to Arthur King of Britaine, as he hath deserued. I haue excédingly wondered to thinke of thy malepert and tyrannicall dealing. I doe meruaile (I say) and in considering the matter, I am angrie and take in ill part, the iniurie that thou hast offered to Rome: and that thou, no better aduising thy self, refusest to acknowledge her. Neither hast thou any care speedelie to redresse thyne ouersight, thus by vniust dealings to offend the Senate: vnto whom thou

thou art not ignorant, that the whole world oweth homage and seruice. For, the Tribute done for Britaine which the Senate commaunded thee to pay; for that Iulius Cæsar, and other worthie Romaines long and many yeeres enioyed the same, thou to the contempt of such an honorable Estate, hast presumed to detaine and keepe backe. Thou hast also taken from them Gallia: thou hast wonne from them, the Prouinces of Sauoy and Daulphinie: thou hast gotten the possession of all the Ilands of the Ocean: the Kings whereof (so long as the Romaine authoritie was there obeyed) payed Tribute to our Ancestors. Sith therfore the Senate hath decreed to redemaund amends and restitution at thy hands for these thy so great wrongs, I enioyne and commaund thee to come to Rome in the middest of August the next yeere; there to answere vnto thy Lords, and to abyde such sentence and order, as they by iustice shall lay vpon thee. Which thing if thou refuse to doe, I will inuade thy Countries, and whatsoeuer thy wilfull rashnes hath disloyally taken away from their Commonwealth, that will I by dint of sword, assay to recouer and to them restore. Allobroges.

¶ Cador the Duke of Cornewall
his Oration to the King.

I haue hitherto bene in feare, least the Britaines through much ease and long peace, should growe to slouth and cowardize, and lose that honorable reputation of Cheualrie and martiall prowesse, wherein they are generally accoumpted to surmount all other Nations. For where the vse of Armes is not estéemed, but in steede therof, Dycing, Carding, dalying with women and other vayne delites frequented, it cannot chuse, but there cowardize and sluggardie must néedes dimme and deface all vertue, honour, valiaunce, and fame. There bee now almost fiue yeeres passed, since we hauing lacked Martial exercise, haue effeminately bene nuzzeled in these foresayd delites. God therefore not willing to see vs any longer marred and stayned with sluggardie,

hath stirred vp the Romaines, that they should be the meanes to reduce our auncient valour vnto the former state and dignitie. When hee vsed these and such like wordes, confirmed by those that were there at that tyme in presence, they came at length to their Benches or Seates, where after that euery person was set and placed: Arthur vsed this speech vnto them.

The Oration of Arthur
to his Lords and people.

My fellowes (sayth he) and companyons both of aduersitie and prosperitie: whose fidelities I haue heretofore both in your sound counsels, and in exployting militare seruices had good tryall and experience of: listen now and affoord vnto me your aduise, and wisely foresee, what you thinke conuenient for vs, touching such demaunds and commaundements, to be done. For, when a thing is wisely aforehand deliberated and carefully foreseene, when it commeth to the pinch, it is more easilie auoyded and tolerated. We shall therefore the easier bee able to abyde the imperious demaund of Lucius, if wee lay our heads together and foresee, how and which way, wee may best defeate and infringe the same. And (surely) for my part, I doe not thinke that we haue any cause greatly to feare him, sith vpon an vnreasonable cause he seeketh to haue a tribute payed out of Britaine. For, he allegeth, that the same is due and payable to him, because it was payd to Iulius Cæsar and others his Successors, which being inuited and called hether through the discorde and iarres of the auncient Britaines, arriued here in Britaine with numbers of armed Soldiours: and with force and vyolence, brought vnder their subiection, this our Countrey, miserably tossed with ciuile garboyles and domesticall discord. And because they in this sort, got the possession of it, they haue since taken and vniustly receiued a Tribute out of it. For nothing that is gotten by force and vyolence, is iustly possessed by him that offered the vyolence. The cause therefore which he pretendeth is vnreasonable,

ble, whereby he demeth vs by law and right to be tributarie vnto them. Sith therfore he thus presumeth to demaund of vs that which is vniust: let vs by the same reason, demaund of him, tribute at Rome: & he that is the stronger, let him carie away that which he desireth and claymeth. For, if his reason, why he demaundeth tribute now, as due, to be payed by vs, because Cæsar and other Romaine Princes sometymes conquered Britaine be good: by the like reason, I doe thinke that Rome ought to pay tribute to mee, because my Predecessors heretofore wanne and subdued it. For Belinus that most noble King of Britaines, with the helpe and ayde of his brother Brennus Duke of Sauoy, tooke Allobroges
by force that Citie, and long while possessed it, hanging vp in the middest of their chiefe Market place and high streate, twentie of the chiefest Nobles among them. Constantine also the sonne of Helena, and Maximianus likewise, being both of them, my nere Cosens, and either of them successiuely, crowned King of Britaine, were enthronized in the imperiall Seate of the Romaine Empyre. What thinke ye now? Judge you that the Romaines haue any reason or right to demaunde Tribute at our hands? As touching Fraunce or other collaterall Ilands of the Ocean, it needeth no answere, sith they refused to defend them, when we forcibly tooke them out of their clouthes & iurisdiction.

The answere of Howell King *of little Britaine.*

Though euery one of you should neuer so diligently consider: and debate with himselfe neuer so aduisedly in his mynd: yet doe I not thinke, that he could possiblie deuise any better counsell then this, which thy most graue wisedome hath now remembred. Thy eloquent and Tullie like aduise therefore, hath furnished vs with that skill, whereby wee ought incessantly to commende in you the affect of a constant man, the effect of a wise mynd, and the benefite of prudent counsell. For, if ye will take your voyage and expedition to Rome, according to the reason a-

foye alledged, I doubt not, but wee shauld winne tryumph, sith wee doe but defend our libertie, and iustly demaund of our enemies, that, which they haue vniustly begun to demaunde of vs. For whosoeuer goeth about to defeate or dispossesse an other of his right, and to take from him that which is his owne; worthylie and deseruedlie may bee put from that, which is his owne, by him to whom he hath offered and done such wrong and violence. Seeing therefore, the Romaines would so gladly take from vs, that which is our owne, we will without doubt, take from them that, which they haue, if we may once come to buckle with them. Behold this is the conflict that al true hearted Britaines so long haue wished for: Behold these be the Prophesies of Sybilla now fulfilled, which so plainly and truely foretolde, that of the third stock of the Britaines there should one be borne, that should obtaine and possesse the Romain Empyre. Now, for two of these, the Prophesies bee alreadie fulfilled: sithence it is manifest (as thou hast alreadie declared) that those two most noble and excellent Princes Belinus and Constantine, ouercame, and gaue the Armes of the Romaine Empyre. And now haue we you, being the third, vnto whom such high exploit and honour is promised. Make haste therefore to receiue that which God is readie to bestowe on thee. Hasten (I say) to subdue that which he is willing should be subdued. Hasten to aduaunce all vs, that are here readie for thyne aduauncement & honour, neither to refuse wounds, nor to lose life and limme. And for thy better atchieuing hereof, I my selfe will accompanie thee with tenne thousand well armed Souldiours.

Sybilla her prophesies touching the Britaines.

An exhortatiō of Howell.

ANgusell King of Albania, when Howell had made an ende of his Oration, began to declare his lyking and opinion of the matter, in this sort following. Since the tyme that I heard my Lord vtter his mynd, touching this case, I haue conceiued such inwarde ioye as I am not able here afore you to expresse. For, in all our victorious Conquests alreadie passed, and in so many Kings and Regions as wee haue subdued, wee may well seeme to haue done nothing at all; if wee suffer the Romaines

and

and Germaines ſtill to remaine, and doe not manfully wreake vpon them, thoſe bloodie ſlaughters, which heretofore they inflicted vpon our Auncestors and Countreymen. And now ſith wee haue occaſion and libertie to trye the matter with them by force of armes, I reioyce exceedingly, and haue a longing thirſt to ſee that day, wherein we may meete together; yea I thirſt, euen as if I had bene drye and kept three daies, thirſtie, from a Fountaine of water. Oh that I might ſee that day; how ſweete and pleaſant ſhould thoſe wounds be, that I ſhould either giue or take, when we coape together: yea, death it ſelf ſhall be ſweete and welcome, ſo that I may ſuffer the ſame in reuenging our fathers, in defending our libertie, and in aduauncing our King. Let vs therefore giue the charge and onset vpon ponder effeminate and meycocke people, and let vs ſtand to our tackle like men: that after we haue banquiſhed them, we may enioye their honors and offices with ioyfull victorie. And for my parte, I will augment our Armie with two thouſand Horſemen well appoynted and armed, beſide Footemen. The ſentence and reſolution of the King of Albania.

FINIS.

Here followeth the Latin of the Engliſh going before.

OMnibus in vrbe legionum congregatio ſolemnitate inſtante Archipræſules Londinenſis Eboracenſis: necnon in vrbe legionum Archiepiſcopus Dubricius ad pallatium ducuntur vt regem Arthurum diademate regali coronarent. Dubricius ergo quoniam in ſua dioeceſi curia tenebatur: paratus ad celebrandum huius rei curam ſuſcepit. Rege tandem inſignito ad templum metropolitanæ ſedis ornatè conducitur: à dextro & à lęuolatere duo Archipontifices ipſum tenebant. Quatuor autem reges viz. Anguſelus rex Albanię, Caduallus Venedociæ rex, Cador rex Cornubiæ, & Sater rex Demetiæ: quatuor aureos gladios ante ipſum ferentes præibant. Conuentus quoque multimodocum ordinatorum miris modulationibus præcinebat. Ex alia parte reginam ſuis inſignibus laureatam Archipræſules

atque pontifices ad templum dicatarum puellarum conducebant. Quatuor quoque prædictorum regum reginæ quatuor albas columbas de more præferebant.

Ecce enim duodecim viri maturæ etatis reuerendi vultus ramos oliuæ in signum legationis in dextris ferentes moderatis passibus ad regem ingrediuntur: & eo salutato literas ipsi ex parte Lucij Tiberij in hæc verba obtulerunt.

Lutij Romani Procuratoris ad Arthurum Britonum regem epistola.

LVcius reipublicæ procurator Arthuro regi Britãniæ quid meruit. Admirans vehementer admiror super tuæ tyrannidis proternia. Admiror inquam & iniuriam quam Romæ intulisti recolligens, indignor quod extra te egressus eam cognoscere diffugias: nec animaduertere festines quid sit iniustis actibus senatum offendisse: cui totum orbem famulatum debere non ignoras. Eteninn tributũ Britanniæ quod tibi senatus reddere precæperat: quia Caius Iulius ceteriq; romanæ dignitatis viri illud multis temporibus habuerunt: neglecto tanti ordinis imperio detinere præsumpsisti. Eripuisti quoque illi Galliam: eripuisti Allobrogum prouinciã: eripuisti omnes oceani insulas: quarum reges dum romana potestas in illis partibus perualuit, vectigal maioribus nostris reddiderũt. Quia ergo de tantis iniuriarum tuarum cumulis senatus reparationem petere decreuit mediantẽ Augustum proximi anni terminum perfigens Romam te venire iubeo: vt dominis tuis satisfaciens sententie quam eorum dictatori iusticia acquiescas. Sin aliter ipse partes tuas adibo & quicquid vesania tua reipublicæ erripuit eidem mediantibus gladijs restituere conabor.

Cadoris ducis Cornubiæ ad regem.

HVcusq; in timore fueram ne Britones longa pace quietõ ocium quod ducunt ignauos faceret, famamque militiæ

qua

qua ceteris gentibus clariores censentur in eis omnino deleret. Quippe vbi vsus armorum videtur abesse, alearum vero & mulierum inflamationes, ceteraque oblectamenta adesse: dubitandum non est quin quod erat virtutis: quod honoris, quod audaciæ: quod famæ ignauia commaculet. Fere namque transacti sunt quinque anni ex quo (predictis delitijs dediti) exercitio Martis caruimus. Deus igitur vt nos segnitia liberaret: Romanos in hunc affectum induxit vt in pristinum statum nostram probitatem reducerent. Hæc & hijs similia illo cum cæteris dicente venerunt tandem ad sedilia vbi collocatis singulis: Arthurus illos in hunc modum affatus.

Oratio Arthuri ad suos.

COnsocij (inquit) aduersitatis & prosperitatis: quorum probitatis hactenus, & in dandis cõsilijs, & in militijs agendis expertus sum: adhibete & monete nunc vnanimiter sensus vestros, & sapienter prouidete quæ super talibus mandatis nobis esse agenda noueritis. Quicquid enim à sapiente diligenter prouidetur cum ad actum accedit facilius toleratnr. Facilius ergo inquietationem Lucij tolerare poterimus si communi studio premeditati fuerimus quibus mosiis eam debilitare instaremus. Quam non multum timendam nobis esse existimo: cum ex irrationabili causa exigat tributum quod ex Britannia habere desiderat. Dicit enim ipsum sibi dare debere quia Iulio Cæsari ceterisque successoribus suis redditum fuerit: qui dissidio priscorũ Britonum inuitatem cum armata manu in Britaniam applicuerunt: atque patriam domesticis motibus vacillantẽ suæ potestati vi, & violẽtia submiserunt: Quia vero hoc modo eam adepti fuerunt vectigal ex ea iniuste ceperunt. Nihil enim quod vi vt violentia acquiritur iuste ab ipso possidetur qui violentiam metuit.

Irrationabilem ergo causam pretendit: qua nos iure sibi tributarios esse arbitratur. Quoniam ergo id quod iniustũ

est

est à nobis præsumit exigere: consimili ratione petamus ab illo tributum Romæ: & qui fortior superuenerit ferat quod habere exoptauit. Nam si quia Cæsar cæterique romani reges Britanniam olim subiugauerunt vectigal nunc debere sibi ex illa reddi decernit: Similiter nunc ego censeo quam Roma mihi tributum reddere debet: quia antecessores mei eam antiquitus obtinuerunt. Belinus etenim ille Britonum serenissimus rex vsus auxilio fratris sui, Brenni videlicet ducis Allobrogum: suspensis in medio foro viginti nobilioribus Romanis: vrbem ceperut, captámque multis temporibus possederunt. Constantinus etiam Helenæ filius necnon & Maximianus vterque mihi cognatione propinquus alter post alterum diademate Britannię insignitus: thronum Romani imperij adeptus est. Censetis ne ergo vectigal romanis petendum? De Gallia autem sine de collateralibus insulis oceani non est respondendum: cum illas diffugerent quando easdem potestati eorum subtrahebamus.

Hoeli regis minoris Britanniæ, responsio.

LIcet vnusquisque vestrum totus in se reuersus, omnia, & omnibus animo tractare valuerit non existimo eum præstantius consiliũ posse inuenire quam istud quod modo discretio solertis prudentiæ tuæ recoluit. Proinde etenim prouidit nobis tua deliberatio Tulliano liquore lita. Vnde constantis viri affectum: sapientis animi effectum optimi consilij protectum laudare indesinenter debemus. Nam si iuxta prædictã rationem Romam adire volueris non dubito quin triumpho potiamur: dum libertatem nostrã tueamur dum iuste ab innimicis nostris exigamus quod à nobis iniuste petere incæperunt. Quicunque enim sua alteri eripere conatur merito quæ sua sunt per eum quem impetit amittit. Quia ergo Romani nostra nobis demere affectant: sua illis procul dubio: auferemus si authoritas nobis congrediendi præstabitur

bitur. En congressus cunctis Britonibus desiderandus. En vaticinia sibyllæ quæ veris angurijs testantur: ex Britannico genere tertio nasciturum qui Romanum obtinebit imperiũ. De duobus autem adimpleta sunt oracula: cum manifestum sit præclaros vt dixisti principes Belinum atque Constantinum imperij Romani gessisse insignia & imperia. Nunc verò te tertium habemus, cui tãtum culmen honoris promittitur. Festina ergo recipere: quod deus non differt largiri. Festina subingare quod vltro vult subingari. Festina nos omnes exaltare qui vt exalteris nec vulnera recipere: nec vitam amittere diffugiamus. Vt autem hæc perficias decem millibus armatorum præsentiam tuam conabor.. *Vaticinia Sibille de Britonibus.* *Exhortatio Hoeli.*

ANguselus Albaniæ rex: vt Hoelus finem dicendi fecerat: quod super hac re affectabat in huc modum manifestare perrexit. Ex dominum meum ea quæ dixit affectare conieci: tanta lætitia animo meo illapsa est: quantam nequeo in vestra presentia exprimere. Nihil enim in transactis debellationibus quas tot & tantis regibus intulimus egisse videmur: si Romani & Germani illesi permaneant: nec in illos clades quas olim nostratibus ingesserunt viriliter vindicemus. Ac nunc quoniam licentia congrediendi permittitur gaudens admodũ gaudeo & desiderio diei quo conueniamus æstuans sitio cruorem illorum quemadmodũ fontem si triduo prohiberer. O si illam lucem videbo quæ dulcia erunt vulnera quæ vel recipiam vel inferam: quando dextras conferemus. Ipsa etiam mors dulcis erit: dum eam in vindicando patres nostros: in tuendo libertatem nostram: in exaltando regem nostrum perpessus fuero. Aggrediamur ergo semiuiros illos & aggrediendo perstemus vt deuictis ipsis eorum honoribus cum lęta potiamur victoria. Exercitum autem nostrum duobus milibus armatorũ equitum exceptis peditibus angebo. *Sententia regis Albanie.*

FINIS.

Would to God we had the like ayde of Kings and offer now to daunt the pryde of the Romish practises.

The worthines
The true Authors of this
whole Booke.

Iohannes Badius Aſcenciu.
Merlinus Ambroſius.
Gualterus Monemotenſis.
Giraldus Cambrenſis.
Iohannes Bale of Brutus.
Ieffrey of Monmouth.
Gildas Cambrius, a Poet of Britaine.
Sibilla.

Annales ſue gentes.

Two Brethren that were Martyrs, Iulius and Aron in Carleon, in whoſe names two Churches were built there.

Thelians Epiſcopus Landaph.

Saint Auguſtine could not make the Britaines be obedient to the Archbiſhop of Canterburie, but yet they onely ſubmitted themſelues to the Archbiſhop of Carleon, in Adelbrights tyme that was King of Kent.

A Hill moſt notable neere Carleō a myle frō the towne.

NOw muſt I touch, a matter fit to knowe,
A Fort and ſtrength, that ſtands beyond this Towne:
On which you ſhall, behold the nobleſt ſhowe,
(Loke round about, and ſo loke rightly downe)
That euer yet, I ſawe or man may view:
Upon that Hill, there ſhall appeare to you,
Of ſeauen Shieres, a part and portion great,
Where Hill it ſelfe, is ſure a warlike Seate.

Ten thouſand men, may lodge them there vnſeene,
In trebble Dykes, that gards the Fortreſſe well:
And yet amid, the Fort a goodly greene,
Where that a power, and mightie Campe may dwell:

In

In spyte of world, if Soldiours victuall haue.
The Hill so stands, if Bird but wing doe waue,
Or man or beast, but once stirre vp the head
A Bowe aboue, with shaft shall strike it dead.

A very high Hill of a marueilous strength which was a strong Fortresse in Arthurs daies.

The Hill commaunds, a maruels way and scope,
It seemes it stood, farre off for Townes defence,
And in the warres, it was Carleons hope:
Or els in deede, the Duke of Gloster sence
(That did destroy, both Towne and all therein)
To serue his turne, this Fortresse did begin.
Not farre from this, much like vnto the same,
Tombarlowm stands, a Mountaine of some fame.

Bellinus Magnus made this called Bellingstocke.

A wonderfull high mountaine with the like maner of defence.

A Towne nere this, that buylt is all a length,
Cal'd Neawport now, there is full fayre to viewe:
Which Seate doth stand, for prosite more then strength,
A right strong Bridge, is there of Timber newe:
A Riuer runnes, full nere the Castle wall:
Nere Church likewise, a Mount behold you shall,
Where Sea and Land, to sight so plaine appeeres,
That there men see, a part of fiue fayre Shéeres.

The towne of Neawport.

On a round hill by the Church there is for Sea and Land the most princely sight that any man liuing at one instant may with perfect eye behold.

As vpward hye, aloft to Mountaine top,
This Market towne, is buylt in healthfull sort:
So downeward loe, is many a Marchants shop,
And many sayle, to Bristowe from that Port.
Of auncient tyme, a Citie hath it bin,
And in those daies, the Castle hard to win:
Which yet shewes fayre, and is repayrd a parte,
As things decayd, must néedes be helpt by arte.

The Towne hath Marchants in it.
A Castle is at the end of this Towne, and full by the Bridges and Riuer.

A goodly Seate, a Tower, a princely pyle,
Built as a watch, or safetie for the Soyle,
By Riuer stands, from Neawport not thrée myle.
This house was made, when many a bloodie broyle,

Greenefield Castle that was the Duke of Lancaster,

Eboyth is the Riuers name that runneth here.

In Wales God wot, destroyd that publicke state:
Here men with sword, and shield did brawles debate:
Here saftie stood, for many things in deede,
That sought sauegard, and did some sucker neede.

For Riuer, wood, pasture ayre, walke & pleasure, this place passeth.

The name thereof, the nature shewes a right,
Greenefield it is, full gay and goodly sure:
A fine sweete Soyle, most pleasant vnto sight,
That for delight, and wholesome ayre so pure,
It may be praisde, a plot sought out so well,
As though a King, should say here will I dwell:
The Pastures greene, the woods, and water cleere.
Sayth any Prince may build a Pallace heere.

A true iudgement of the commodities in Wales if the people there would be laborous.

And in this place, and many parts about,
Is grasse and Corne, and fertile ground enought:
And now a while, to speake of Wales throughout,
Where if men would, take paynes to plye the Plough:
Digge out of drosse, the treasure of the earth,
And fall to toyle, and labour from their birth:
They should as soone, to store of wealth attaine,
As other Soyles, whose people takes great paine.

Nychill.

But most of Wales, likes better ease and rest,
(Loues meate and mirth, and harmelesse quiet daies)
Than for to toyle, and trouble brayne and brest,
To vexe the mynd, with worldly wearie waies.
Some stand content, with that which God shall send,
And on their lands, their stock and store doth spend:
And rubs out life, cleane voyde of further care,
Because in world, right well to liue they are.

Yet were they bent, to proule and purchace still,
And search out wealth, as other Nations doe:
They haue a Soyle, a Countrey rich at will,
Which can them make, full quickly wealthie too.

They

They haue begun, of late to lime their land.
And plowes the ground, where ſturdie Okes did ſtand:
Conuerts the meares, and marriſh euery where,
Whoſe barraine earth, begins good fruite to beare.

The people of wales in many places thriues by labour daylie, and gets great gayne through tillage.

They teare vp Trées, and takes the rootes away,
Makes ſtonie fieldes, ſmooth fertile fallowe ground:
Brings Paſtures bare, to beare good graſſe for Hay,
By which at length, in wealth they will abound.
Wales is this day (behold throughout the Shéres,
In better ſtate, than twas theſe hundred yéeres:
More rich, more fine, and further more to tell,
Fewe men haue knowne, the Countrey halfe ſo well.

Whereas at firſt, they ſought for Corne farre off,
(To helpe the wants, of Wales when grayne was deere)
Now on the bord, they haue both Cheeſe and lofe,
To ſhewe the world, in houſt is greater cheere.
The open Plaine, that hath his rubbiſh loſt,
Saith plentie is, through Wales in euery coaſt:
The well wrought ground, that thouſands may behold,
Where thornes did growe, ſayth now there ſprings vp gold.

I haue knowen many places ſo barraine, that they haue ſought for corne farre of, who now are able to liue without helpe of any other Countrey.

I meane where weedes, and thiſtles long hath growne,
(Wild roſſe and docks, and ſtinking nettles vile)
There Barley ſwéete, and goodly Wheate is ſowne,
Which makes men rich, that liu'd in lacke long while.
No gift nor gayne, more great and good to man,
Then that which toyle, and honeſt labour wan:
What ſweat of browes, brings in is ſugred ſwéete,
Makes glad the mynd, and comforts hart and ſpréete.

The worthines of Aborgaynies Towne is walled *round about, and hath fayre* Suburbs also.

It ſtands ouer two little Riuers, called Ceybbie and Ceyuennie, of which Ceyuennie, Aborgeuenie tooke the name.

REturne I muſt, to my diſcourſe before,
Of Borrow townes, and Caſtles as they are:
Aborgaynie, behind I kept in ſtore,
Whoſe Seate and Soyle, with beſt may well compare.
The Towne ſomewhat, on ſteepe and mounting hill,
With Paſtor grounds, and Meddowes great at will:
On euery ſide, huge Mountaines hard and hye,
And ſome thicke woods, to pleaſe the gazers eye.

The Bridge of ſtone a eleuen fayre arches, and a great bridge of ſtone to come drylie to that bridge.

The Riuer Oske, along the Vale doth paſſe,
Right vnderneath, an auncient Bridge of ſtone:
A goodly worke, when firſt it reared was,
(And yet the Shiere, can ſhewe no ſuch a one)
Makes men to knowe, old Buildings were not bare,
And newe things bluſh, that ſteps not ſo in place,
With ſuretie goe, and ſhewe to ſtep on ſtage,
To make newe world, to honor former age.

Of the bountie of tyme paſt, and the hardnes of our age.

For former tyme, built Townes and Caſtles trim,
Made Bridges braue, and ſtrong for tyme to come:
And our young daies, that doth in glorie ſwim,
Holds hard in hand, that finger faſt may thome.
Loke what tyme paſt, made gallant freſh and fayre,
Tyme preſent ſpoyles, or will not well repayre:
As in this Towne, a ſtately Caſtle ſhoes,
Which loe to ruyne, and wretched wracke it goes.

A fayre and noble Caſtle belonging to the auncient houſe and race of the honorable, the Lord of Aborgaynie

Moſt goodly Towers, are bare and naked laſt,
That cou'red were, with timber and good lead:
Theſe Towers ſtand, as ſtreight as doth a ſhaft,
The walles whereof, might ſerue to ſome good ſtead.

For

For sound and thicke, and wondrous high withall,
They are in deede, and likely not to fall:
Would God therefore, the owner of the same,
Did stay them vp, for to encreace his fame.

Who doth delight, to see a goodly Plaine,
Faire Riuers runne, great woods and mountaines hye:
Let him a while, in any Tower remaine,
And he shall see, that may content the eye.
Great ruth to let, so trim a Seate goe downe,
The Countries strength, and beautie of the Towne:
A Lordly place, a princely plot and viewe,
That laughs to scorne, our patched buildings newe.

The bountie of the Castle and Countrie.

The shell of this, I meane the walles without,
The worthie worke, that is so finely wrought:
The Sellers deepe, and buildings round about,
The firme Freestone, that was so derely bought,
Makes men lament, the losse of such a thing,
That was of late, a house for any King.
Yea who so wayes, the worth of Castle yet,
With heauie mynd, in muse and dump shall sit.

A goodly and stately peece of worke as like to fall as be repayred againe.

To see so strong, and stately worke decay,
The same disease, hath Oske in Castle wall:
Which on maine Rocke, was builded euery way,
And now God wot, is readie downe to fall.
A number more, in Monmouth Shiere I finde,
That can not well, abyde a blast of winde:
The losse is theirs, that sees them ouerthrowne,
The gaine were ours, if yet they were our owne.

Any heart in the world would pittie the decay of Castles in Mõmouth shiere.

Though Castle here, through trackt of tyme is worne,
A Church remaines, that worthie is of note:
Where worthie men, that hath bene nobly borne,
Were layd in Tombe, which els had bene forgot.

In this church was a most famous worke in maner of a genealogie of

And

Kings, called the roote of Iesse, which worke is defaced and pulled downe in peeces.

And buried cleane, in grave past mynd of man,
As thousans are, forgot since world began:
Whose race was great, and who for want of Tome,
In dust doth dwell, unknowne till day of Dome.

On the right hand in a faire Chappell.

In Church there lyes a noble Knight,
Enclosde in wall right well:
Crosselegged as it seemes to sight,
(Or as record doth tell)
He was of high and princely blood,

Both the windowe and in other parts about him shewes that he was a stranger.

His Armes doth shewe the same:
For thereby may be understood,
He was a man of fame.
A shield of blacke he beares on brest,
A white Crowe plaine thereon:
A ragged sleeue in top and crest,
All wrought in goodly stone.

Blewe is.

And under feete, a Greyhound lyes,

The label whereon are nyne Flowerdeluces.

Three golden Lyons gay,
Nine Flowerdeluces there likewise,
His Armes doth full display.

On the left hand a Lord of Aborgany.

A Lord that once enioyde that Seate,
Lyes there in sumptuous sort:
They say as loe his race was great,
So auncient men report.
His force was much: for he by strength
With Bull did struggle so,
He broke cleane off his hornes at length,
And therewith let him go.
This Lord a Bull hath under feete,
And as it may be thought,
A Dragon under head doth lye,
In stone full finely wrought.
The worke and Tombe so auncient is,
(And of the oldest guyse)

My first bare view, full well may mis,
To shewe how well he lyes.

A Tombe in déede, of charge and showe,
Amid the Chappell stands:
Where William Thomas Knight ye knowe,
Lyes long with stretched hands.
A Harbert was he cal'd of right,
Who from great kindred cam,
And married to a worthie wight,
Daughter to Danie Gam,
(A Knight likewise, of right and name)
This Harbert and his Féere,
Lyes there like one that purchast fame,
As plainly doth appéere.
His Tombe is rich, and rare to viewe,
Well wrought of great deuice:
Though it be old, Tombes made but newe,
Are of no greater price.
His Armes thrée ramping Lyons white,
Behind his head in shield:
A crowned Lyon blacke is hers,
Set out in most rich field:
Behind her head is likewise there,
Loe what our elders did,
To make those famous euery where,
Whose vertues are not hid.

In Tombe as trim as that before,
Sir Richard Harbert lyes:
He was at Banbrie field of yore,
And through the battaile twise:
He past with Pollax in his hands,
A manly act in déede,
To preace among so many bands,
As you of him may reede.

Sir William Thomas Knight (alias) Harbert.

Sir Danie Gam Knight father to this Knights wife.

This Knight was slaine at Edgingcourt field.

His Tombe is of hard and good Allablaster.

Sir William Thomas was father to the next that followes, called Sir Richard Harbert of Colbroke Knight.

In the Chronicle this is rehearsed.

On the left hand of the Chappell they lye.

The valiant Knight, at Colbroke dwelt,
Nere Aborgaynie towne:
Who when his fatall destnie felt,
And Fortune flong him downe,
Among his enemies lost his head,
A rufull tale to tell:
Yet burped was as I haue said,
In sumptuous Tombe full well.

She was daughter to Thomas ap Griffith father to Sir Rice ap Thomas Knight.

His wife Dame Margret by his side,
Lyes there likewise for troth:
Their Armes as yet may be tryed,
(In honor of them both)
Stands at their heads, three Lyons white
He giues as well he might:
Three Rauens blacke, in shield she giues,
As Daughter to a Knight.
A sheafe of Arrowes vnder head,
He hath as due to him:
Thus there these worthie comple lye,
In Tombe full fine and trim.

On the right hand of the Chappell.

Now in another passing Tombe,
Of beautie and of charge,
There lyes a Squire (that Harbert hight)
With cost set out at large.
Two Daughters and sire Sonnes also,
Are there set nobly forth:
With other workes that makes the showe,
And Monument more worth.
Himselfe, his wife, and children to,
Lyes shrouded in that Seate:
Now somewhat for that Squire I do,
Because his race was great.

The old Earle of Penbroke one of the priuie Councell.

He was the father of that Earle,
That dyed Lord Steward late,
A man of might, of spreet most rare,

And borne to happie fate.
His father layd so richly here,
So long agoe withall,
Shewes to the lokers on full cleere,
(When this to mynd they call)
This Squire was of an auncient race,
And borne of noble blood:
Sith that he dyed in such a case,
And left such worldly good.
To make a Tombe so rich and braue:
Nay further now to say,
The three white Lyons that he gaue
In Armes, doth race bewray:
And makes them blush and hold downe browe,
That babble out of square.
Rest there and to my matter now:
Upon this Tombe there are
Three Lyons and three white Boyes heads:
The first three are his owne.
The white Boyes heads his wife she gaue,
As well in Wales is knowne.
A Lyon at his feete doth lye,
At head a Dragon greene:
More things who lists to search with eye,
On Tombe may well be seene.

Amid the Church, Lord Hastings lay,
Lord Aborgaynie than:
And since his death remou'd away,
By fine deuice of man:
And layd within a windowe right,
Full flat on stonie wall:
Where now he doth in open sight,
Remaine to people all.
The windowe is well made and wrought,
A costly worke to see:

In the windowe now he lyes.

In which his noble Armes are thought,
Of purpose there to bee.
A ragged sleeue and sire red Birds,
Is portrayd in the Glasse:
His wife hath there her left arme bare,
It seemes her sleeue it was
That hangs about his necke full fine,
Right ore a Purple weede:
A robe of that same colour tw,
The Ladie weares in deede.
Under his legges a Lyon red,
His Armes are rare and ritch:
A Harrold that could shewe them well,
Can blase not many sitch.
Sire Lyons white, the ground fayre blew,
Three Flowerdeluces gold:
The ground of them is red of hew,
And goodly to behold.
But note a greater matter now,
Upon his Tombe in stone
Were foretéene Lords that knées did bow,
Unto this Lord alone.
Of this rare worke a porch is made,
The Barrons there remaine
In good old stone, and auncient trade,
To shewe all ages plaine.
What homage was to Hastings due,
What honour he did win:
What Armes he gaue, and so to blaze
What Lord had Hastings bin.

Some say this great Lord was called Bruce and not Hastings, but most doe hold opinion he was called Hastings.

Right ore against this windowe, loe
In stone a Ladie lyes:
And in her hands a Hart I troe,
She holds before your eyes:
And on her breast, a great fayre shield,

A Ladie of Aborgaynie.

In which she beares no more
But three great Flowerdeluces large:
And euen loe, right ore
Her head another Ladie lyes
With Squirrell on her hand,
And at her feete, in stone likewise,
A couching Hound doth stand:
They say her Squirrell lept away,
And toward it she run:
And as from fall she sought to stay
The little pretie Dun,
Right downe from top of wall she fell,
And toke her death thereby.
Thus what I heard, I doe you tell,
And what is seene with eye.

A Ladie of some noble house whose name I knowe not.

A friend of myne who lately dyed,
That Doctor Lewis hight:
Within that Church his Tombe I spyed,
Well wrought and fayre to sight.
O Lord (quoth I) we all must dye,
No lawe, nor learnings lore:
No iudgement deepe, nor knowledge hye,
No riches lesse or more,
No office, place, nor calling great,
No worldly pompe at all,
Can keepe vs from the mortall threat
Of death, when God doth call.
Sith none of these good gifts on earth,
Haue powre to make vs liue:
And no good fortune from our birth,
No hower of breath can giue.
Thinke not on life and pleasure heere,
They passe like beames of Sunne:
For nought from hence we carrie cleere,
When man his race hath runne.

Doctor Lewis lately Iudge in the Amoralties

The worthines
An Introduction for
Breaknoke Shiere.

IS bodie tyerd with trauaile, God forbid,
That wearie bones, so sone should seeke for rest:
Shall sences sleepe, when head in house is hid,
As though some charme, were crept in quiet brest.
And so bewitch, the wits with too much ease,
That duls good spreete, and blunts quicke sharpe deuice:
Which climes the Clowdes, and wades through deepest Seas,
And goes before, and breakes the frozen Ice,
To cleere the coast, and make the passage free
For trau'lers all, that will great secrets see.

When quick conceyt, by slouth is rockt asleepe,
And fresh deuice, goes faynt for lacke of vse:
Along the limmes, doth lazie humours creepe,
And daylie breedes, in bodie great abuse.
If mettall fine, be not kept cleane from rust,
The brightest blade, will sure some cancker take:
And when cleere things, are staynd with drosse and dust,
They must be skour'd by skill, for profites sake.
Wit is nought worth, in pole braine to rest,
Nor gold doth good, that still lyes lockt in chest.

The soft Downe bed, and Chamber warm'd with fire,
Or thicke furd gowne, is all that sluggard seekes:
But men of spreete, whose hearts do still aspire,
Do labour long, with leane and lentten cheekes,
To trye the world, and taste both sweete and sower:
Who much doth see, may much both speake and write:
Who little knowes, hath little wit or power
To winne the wise, or dwell in worlds delight.
Feare not to toyle, for he that sowes in paine,
Shall reape with ioye, for store good Corne againe.

In

In reachlesse youth, whiles fancie flewe with winde,
Feete could not stay, the bodie mou'd so fast:
For euery part, thereof did answer minde,
Till aged yeeres, sayd wanton daies were past.
If that be true, sound iudgement should be straught
With grauer thoughts, and greater things of weight:
Sith sober sence, at lightnesse now hath laught,
Thy reason should, set crooked matters streight:
And newly frame, a forme of fine deuice,
That vertue may, bring knowledge most in price.

To treate of tyme, and make discourse of men,
And how the world, doth chop and chaunge estate,
Doth well become, an auncient writers pen:
If skill will serue, such secretes to debate.
If no, hold on the course thou hast begun,
To talke of Townes, and Castles as they are:
And looke thou doe, no toyle nor trauaile shun,
To set forth things, that be both straunge and rare.
If age doe dymme, and can abide no toyle,
When thou comest home, yet set out some sweete Soyle.

Though ioynts waxe stiffe, and bodie heauie growes,
And backe bends downe, to earth where corps must lye:
And legges be lame, and gowte crepes in the toes,
Cold crampe, and cough, makes groning goast to crye.
When fits are past, if any rest be found,
Plye pen againe, for that shall purchase praise:
Yea though thou canst, not ride so great a ground,
As all ore Wales, in thyne old aged daies:
Forget no place, nor Soyle where thou hast bin,
With Breaknocke Shiere, than now this booke begin.

Shewe what thyne eyes, are witnesse of for troth,
And leaue the rest, to them that after liues:

When.

When man is cal'd, away to graue he goeth,
Death steales the life, that God and nature giues.
Thou hast no state, nor patent here on earth,
But borrowed breath, the bodie beares about:
Death daylie wayts, on life from hower of birth,
And when he lists, he blowes thy candle out.
Then leaue some worke, in world before thou passe,
That friends may say, loe here a writer was.

My Muse thus sayd, and so she shranke aside,
As though some Spreet, a space had spoke to mée:
With that I had, a friend of myne espyde,
That stood sarre of, behind a Lawrell trée.
For whom I cal'd, and told him in his eare
My Muses tale: but therewithall his eyes
Bedeaw'd his chéekes, with many a bitter teare,
For sorrowe great, that from his heart did rise.
Oh friend (quoth he) thy race I see so short,
Thou canst not liue, to make of Wales report.

For first behold, how age and thy mishap,
Agréed in one, to tread thée vnder foote:
Thou wast long since, flong out of Fortunes lap,
When youths gay blowmes, forsoke both braunch and roote,
And left weake age, as bare as barraine stocke,
That neither fruite, nor leaues will growe vpon:
Can feeble bones, abide the sturdie shocke
Of Fortunes force, when youthfull strength is gon:
And if good chaunce, in youth hath fled from thée,
Be sure in age, thou canst not happie bée.

Tis hap that must, maintaine thy cost and charge,
By some such meane, as great god turnes are gote:
Els walke or ride, abroade the world at large,
And yet great mynd, but makes old age to dote.

Thy trauaile past, shewes what may after fall,
Long iourneys breedes, disease and sickenesse oft:
Thou hast not health, nor wished wealth at call,
That glads the heart, and makes men looke aloft.
No sorer snib, nor nothing nips so néere,
As feele much want, yet shewe a merrie chéere.

My newfound friend, no sooner this had sayd,
(Which tryall knowes, both true and words of weight)
But that my mynd, from trauaile long was stayd,
Saue that I tooke, in hand a iourney streight,
To Breakenoke Towne, whose Seate once throughly pend,
(With some such notes, as season serues therefore)
There all the rest, of toyle should make an end,
Sith aged limmes, might trauaile Wales no more.
Right sorie sure, I can no further go,
Content perforce, sith hap will haue it so.

Some men begin, to build a goodly Seate,
And frames a worke, of Timber bigge and large:
Yet long before, the workmanship be greate,
Another comes, and takes that plot in charge.
Men may not doe, no more then God permits,
The mynd it thinkes, great things to bring to passe:
But common course, so some ouercomes the wits,
In péeces lyes, mans state like broken glasse.
We purpose much, but little power we finde,
With good successe, to answer mightie minde.

Well, that discourse, let goe as matter past,
To Breakenoke now, my pen and muse are prest:
And sith that Soyle, and towne shalbe the last,
That here I meane, to touch of all the rest,
In briefest sort, it shalbe written out:
Yet with such words, as caries credit still,

As other works, in worlo can breede no doubt:
So this small peece, shall shewe my great good will,
That for farewell, to worthie Wales I make,
That followes here, before my leaue I take.

O happie princely Soyle, my pen is farre to bace,
My muse but serues in sted of foyle, to giue a Jewell grace:
My bare inuention cold, and barraine verses vaine,
When they thy glory should vnfold, they do thy Countrie staine.
Thy worth some worthie may, set out in golden lines,
And blaze ỳ same, w̄ colors gay, whose glistring beautie shines.
My boldnesse was to great, to take the charge in hand,
With wasted wits the braines to beat, to write on such a Land:
Whose people may compare, in high'st degree of praise,
With any now alme that are, or were in elders daies.
Thy Townes and Castles fayre, so brauely stands in bréde,
They should their honour much apayre, if they my verses néede.
A writers rurall rime, doth hinder thy good name:
For verse but entertaines the tyme, with topes ỳ fancies frame:
With Tullies fugred tongue, or Virgils sharpe engine,
Thy rare renowne should still be rong, or sung in verse deuine.
A simple Poets pen, but blots white paper still,
And blurres the brute & praise of men, for want of cunning quill.
If Ouids skill I had, or could like Homer write,
Or Dant would make my muses glad, to please ỳ worlds delite.
Or Chawser lent me in these daies, some of his learned tales,
As Petrarke did his Lawra praise, so would I speake of Wales.
But all to late I craue, for knowledge wit and sence:
For loke what gifts ỳ Gods thē gaue, they toke thē al frō hēce,
And left vs nought but bookes, to stare and pore vpon,
On which perchaūce blind bayard lookes, whē l kil & sight is gō.
Our former age did floe, with grace and learned loze,
Then farre behind they come I troe, that striue to run before.
We must goe lagging on, as legges and limmes were lame,
And though long since ỳ gole was gon, & wit hath won ỳ game.

We shall haue roume to play, and tyme and place withall,
To looke, to reade, to write and say, what shall in fancie fall.
But woe is me the while, that ouerweenes in want,
When world may at my boldnes smile, to see my skill so scant.
Yet write in Countries praise, that I cannot set out,
And stands discourag'd many waies, to trauaile Wales about.
Yet take now well in worth, the works I haue begun,
I can no further thing set forth, my daies are almost dun:
As candle cleere doth burne, to socket in small tyme, (pryme.
So age to earth must needes returne, when youth hath past his

Now Breakenoke shiere, as falleth to thy lot,
In place a peere, thou art not sure forgot:
Nor written of so much as I desire:
For sicknesse long, made bodie faint retyre
Unto the Towne where it was borne and bred,
And where perhaps, on turfe must lye my hed.
When labors all, shall reape a greate for rest,
And silent death, shall quiet troubled brest:
Then as I now, haue somewhat sayd on thee,
So shall some friend, haue tyme to write on mee.
Whose restlesse muse, and wearie waking minde,
To pleasure world, did oft great leasure finde:
And who reioyst, and toke a great delight,
For knowledge sake, to studie reade and write.

The Towne and Church of *Breakenoke*.

THe Towne is built, as in a pit it were,
By water side, all lapt about with hille
You may behold a ruinous Castle there,
Somewhat defacte, the walles yet standeth still.
Small narrowe streates, through all the Towne ye haue, Maister Games dwelles here.
Yet in the same, are sondrie houses braue.

Doctor Awberie hath a house here.

Well built without, yea trim and fayre within,
With sweete prospect, that shall your fauour win.

The Riuer Oske, and Hondie runnes thereby,
Fower Bridges good, of stone stands ore each streame:
The greatest Bridge, doth to the Colledge lye,
A free house once, where many a rotten beame
Hath bene of late, through age and trackt of tyme:
Which Bishop now, reformes with stone and lyme.
Had it not bene, with charge repayd in haste,
That house and Seate, had surely gon to waste.

Two Churches doth, belong vnto this Towne,
One stands on hill, where onee a Priorie was:
Which chaung'd the name, when Abbyes were put downe,
But now the same, for Parrish Church doth passe.
Another place, for Morning prayer is,
Made long agoe, that standeth hard by this.
Built in this Church, a Tombe of two I finde,
That worthie is, in briefe to bring to minde.

The auncient house of Gams.

Three couple lyes, one ore the others head,
Along in Tombe, and all one rise and lyne:
And to be plaine, two couple lyeth dead,
The third likewise, as destinie shall assyne,
Shall lye on top, right ore the other twaine:
Their pictures now, all readie there remaine,
In signe when God appoynts the terme and date,
All flesh and blood must yeelde to mortall fate.

These are in deede, the auncient race of Gams,
A house and blood, that long rich Armes doth giue:
And now in Wales, are many of their names,
That keepes great trayne, and doth full brauely liue.
The eldest Sonne, and chiefest of that race,
Doth beare in Armes, a ramping Lyon crowned,

And

And three Speare heads, and three red Cocks in place,
A Dragons head, all greene therein is found:
And in his mouth, a red and bloodie hand,
All this and more, vpon the Tombe doth stand.

Three fayre boyes heads, and euery one of those
A Serpent hath close lapt about his necke:
A great white Bucke, and as you may suppose,
Right ore the same, (which doth it trimly decke)
A crowne there is, that makes a goodly shoe,
A Lyon blacke, and three Bulles heads I troe:
Three Flowerdelice, all fresh and white they were,
Two Swords, two Crownes, with fayre long crosse is there.

The Armes of the Gams.

Three Bats, whose wings were spreaded all at large,
And three white barres were in these Armes likewise:
Let Harrolds now, to whom belongs that charge,
Describe these things, for me this may suffise.
Yet further now, I forced am to goe,
Of seuerall men, some other Armes to shoe.
Within that Church, there lyes beneath the Quere,
Three persons two, whose names now shall ye heare.

In Tombe of stone, full fayre and finely wrought,
One Waters lyes, with wife fast by his side:
Of some great stocke, these couple may be thought,
As by their Armes, on Tombe may well be tride.
Full at his feete, a goodly Greyhound lyes,
And at his head there is before your eyes
Three Libbarts heads, three cups, two Eagles splayd,
A fayre red Crosse: and further to be sayd,

The Armes of one Waters.

A Lyon blacke, a Serpent fiercely made,
With tayle wound vp: these Armes thus endeth so:
Crosse legg'd by him, as was the auncient trade,
Debreos lyes, in picture as I troe,

His name was Reynold Debreos.

Of moſt hard wood: which wood as diuers ſay
No worme can eate, nor tyme can weare away:
A couching Hound, as Harrolds thought full meete,
In wood likewiſe, lyes vnderneath his feete.

Juſt by the ſame, Meredith Thomas lyes,
Who had great grace, great wit and worſhip both,
And world him thought, both happie bleſt and wiſe,
A man that lou'd, good Juſtice ſaith and troth.
Right ore this Tombe, of ſtone, to his great fame,
Good ſtore in deede of Latin verſes are,
And euery verſe, ſet forth in ſuch good frame,
That truely doth his life and death declare.
This man was likt, for many graces good
That he poſſeſt, beſides his birth and blood.

Somewhat of ſome Riuers and VVaters.

Of other things, as farre as knowledge goes,
Now muſt I write, to furniſh forth this booke:
Some Shieres doe part at Waters, tryall ſhowes
There, who ſo liſt vpon the ſame to looke.
Dulace doth runne, along vnto the Hay.
So Hartford ſhiere, from Breakenoke parteth there.
Brennick Deelyes, Thlauenny as they ſay
At Tawllgath meetes, ſo into Wye they beare:
From Arthurs Hill, Tytarell runnes apace,
And into Oske and Breakenoke runnes his race.

Glaſſeberies Bridge is within two myle of Porthamwell.

Maiſter Robert Knowles that maried one of the heires of the Vaughhans hath a fayre houſe and a Parke at Porthamwell.

Nere Breakenoke Towne, there is a Mountaine hye,
Which ſhewes ſo huge, it is full hard to clime:
The Mountaine ſeemes ſo monſtrous to the eye,
Yet thouſands doe repayre to that ſometime.

And they that ſtand, right on the top ſhal ſee
A wonder great, as people doe report:
Which common bruite, and ſaying true may bee,
But ſince in deede, I did not there reſort,
I write no more, then world will witneſſe well:
Let them that pleaſe, of thoſe ſtraunge wonders tell.

What is ſet downe, I haue it ſurely ſeene,
As one that toyld and trauayld for the troth:
I will not ſay, ſuch things are as I weene,
And frame a verſe, as common boyres goeth.
Nor yet to pleaſe the humors of ſome men,
I liſt not ſtretch, nor racke my termes awry:
My muſe will not ſo farre abuſe the pen.
That writer ſhall gayne any blot thereby:
So he haue thanke in vſing ydle quill,
He ſeekes no more for paines and great good will.

¶Ludloe Towne, Church and Caſtle.

THE Towne doth ſtand moſt part vpon an Hill,
Built well and fayre, with ſtreates both large and wide:
The houſes ſuch, where ſtraungers lodge at will.
As long as there the Counſell liſts abide,
Both fine and cleane the ſtreates are all throughout,
With Condits cleere, and wholeſome water ſpringes:
And who that liſts to walke the Towne about,
Shall finde therein ſome rare and pleaſant things:
But chiefly there the ayre ſo ſweete you haue,
As in no place ye can no better craue.

The names of ſtreates there.
Caſtle ſtreate.
Broad ſtreate.
Old ſtreate.
And the Mill ſtreate.
A fayre houſe by the gate of the making of Iuſtice Walter.

The Market houſe, where Corne and Cates are ſold,
Is couered ore, and kept in fineſt ſort:

From

Nere this is a fayre house of Maister Sackfords which he did buyld, and a fayre house that Master Secretarie Foxe did bestowe great charges on, & a house that Maister Berrie dwelles in. M. Townesend hath a fayre house at Saint Austins once a Frierie. The Lord President Sir Harrie Sidneys Daughter, called Ambrosia, is entombed here in most braueſt maner and great chargeable workmanship on the right hand of the Aulter. On the same is my Lord of Warwicks Armes excellētly wrought, and my Lord Presidents Armes and others, are in like sort there richly set out.

From which ye shall, the Castle well behold,
And to which walke, doe many men resort.
On euery side thereof fayre houses are,
That makes a shewe, to please both mynd and eye:
The Church nere that, where monuments full rare
There is, (wherein doth sondrie people lye)
My pen shall touch, because the notes I finde
Therein, deserue to be well borne in minde.

Within the Quere, there is a Ladie layd
In Tombe most rich, the top of fayre Touchstone:
There was bestow'd in honour of this mayd,
Great cost and charge, the trueth may well be knowne.
For as the Tombe, is built in sumptuous guise,
So to the same, a closet fayre is wrought,
Where Lords may sit in stately solemne wise,
As though it were a fine deuice of thought,
To beautifie both Tombe and euery part
Of that fayre worke, that there is made by arte.

Against that Tombe, full on the other side,
A Knight doth lye, that Justice Townesend hight:
His wife likewise, so sone as that she dyed,
In this rich Tombe, was buryed by this Knight:
And trueth to tell, Dame Alice was her name,
An Heire in deede, that brought both wealth and land,
And as world sayth, a worthie vertuous Dame,
Whose auncient Armes, in colours there doth stand:
And many more, whose Armes I doe not knowe,
Unto this Knight, are ioyned all a roe.

Amid the Church, a Chantrie Chappell stands,
Where Hozier lyes, a man that did much good:
Bestow'd great wealth, and gaue thereto some lands,
And helpt poore soules that in necessitie stood.

As many men, are bent to win good will
By some good turne, that they may freely showe:
So Hoziers hands, and head were wozking still:
Foz those he did, in det oz daunger knowe.
He simpld to see, a begger at his dooze:
Foz all his ioye, was to releeue the pooze.

Another man, whose name was Cookes foz troth,
Like Hozier was, in all good gifts of grace:
This Cookes did giue, great lands and liuings both,
Foz to maintaine, a Chauntrie in that place.
A yeerely dole, and monthly almes likewise
He ordaynd there, which now the pooze doe mis:
His wife and he, within that Chappell lyes,
Where yet full plaine, the Chauntrie standing is:
Some other things, of note there may you see
Within that Church, not touched now by mee.

Yet Beawpy must, be nam'd good reason why,
Foz he bestow'd, great charge before he dyde,
To helpe pooze men, and now his bones doth lye
Full neere the Font, vpon the fozmost side.
Thus in those daies, the pooze was lokt vnto,
The rich was glad, to fling great wealth away:
So that their almes, the pooze some good might do.
In pooze mens boxe, who doth his treasure lay,
Shall finde againe, ten fold foz one he leaues:
Oz els my hope, and knowledge me deceiues.

THe Castle now, I mynd here to set out,
It stands right well, and pleasant to the vewe,
With sweete prospect, yea all the field about.
An auncient Seate, yet many buildings newe
Lozd Prsident made, to giue it greater fame:
But if I must, discourse of things as true,

Sir Robert Townes-end Knight lyes in a maruelos fayre Tombe in the Queere here, and his wife by him, at his feete is a red Rowbuck, and a word *tout en dieu*. On the left hand Hozier lyes in the bozdie of the Church. On the righe hand Cookes lyes. This man was my mothers father. Beawpy was a great ritch and verteous man, he made another Chantrie.

The Castle of Ludloe.

Sir Harry Sidney built many things here worthie praise and memorie.

The worthines

There are great works, that now doth beare no name,
Which were of old, and yet may pleasure you
To see the same: for loe in elders daies
Was much bestow'd, that now is much to praise.

Ouer a Chimney excellently wrought in the best chamber, is S. Androwes Crosse ioyned to Prince Arthurs Armes in the hall windowe.

Prince Arthurs Armes, is there well wrought in stone,
(A worthie worke, that fewe or none may mend)
This worke not such, that it may passe alone:
For as the tyme, did alwaies people send
To world, that might excede in wit and spirite:
So sondrie sorts of works are in that Seate,
That for so hye a stately place is meete:
Which shewes this day, the workmanship is greate.
Loke on my Lords, and speak your fancies throw,
And you will praise, fayre Ludloe Castle now.

In it besides, (the works are here vnnam'd)
A Chappell is, most trim and costly sure,
So brauely wrought, so fayre and finely fram'd,
That to worlds end, the beautie may endure.
About the same, are Armes in colours sitch,
As fewe can shewe, in any Soyle or place:
A great deuice, a worke most rare and ritch:
Which truely shewes, the Armes, the blood and race
Of sondrie Kings, but chiefly Noble men,
That here in prose, I will set out with pen.

All that followes are Armes of Princes and Noblemen.

Sir Walter Lacie was first owner of Ludloe Castle, whose Armes are there, and so followes the rest by order as you may reade.

Jeffrey Genyuile, did match with Lacie.

Roger Mortymer the first Earle of Marchy an Earle of a great house matcht with Genyuile.

Leonell Duke of Clarence ioyned with Ulster in Armes.

Edmond Earle of Marchy matched with Clarence.

Richard Earle of Cambridge matcht with the Earle of Marchy.

Richard Duke of Yorke matcht with Westmerland.

Edward the fourth matcht with Woduile of Riuers.

Henry the seuenth matcht with Elizabeth right heire of England.

Henry the eight matcht with the Marquese of Penbroke.

These are the greatest first to be named that are there set out worthely as they were of dignitie and birth.

Now followes the rest of those that were Lord Presidents, and others whose Armes are in the same Chappell.

William Smith Bishop of Lincolne was the first Lord President of Wales in Prince Arthurs daies.

Jeffrey Blythe Bishoppe of Couentrie and Litchfield Lord President.

Rowland Lée Bishoppe of Couentrie and Litchfield Lord President.

Jhon Veslie Bishop of Exeter Lord President.

Richard Sampson Bishop of Couentrie and Litchfield Lord President.

The worthines

John Dudley Earle of Warwick (after Duke of Northumberland) Lord President.

Sir William Harbert (after Earle of Penbroke) Lord President.

Nicholas Heath Bishop of Worcester Lord President.

Sir William Harbert once againe Lord President.

Gilbert Browne Bishop of Bathe and Welles Lord President.

Lord Williams of Tame Lord President.

Sir Harrry Sidney Lord President.

Sir Andrew Corbet Knight, Vicepresident.

There are two blancks left without Armes.

Sir Thomas Dynam Knight, is mentioned there to doe some great good act.

John Scory Bishop of Hartford.

Nicholas Bullingham, Bishop of Worcester.

Nicholas Robinson, Bishop of Bangore.

Richard Dauies, Bishop of Saint Dauies.

Thomas Dauies, Bishop of Saint Assaph.

Sir James Crofts Knight, Controller.

Sir

Sir John Throgmorton Knight, Iuſtice of Cheſter and the three Shieres of Eaſtwales.

Sir Hugh Cholmley Knight.

Sir Nicholas Arnold Knight.

Sir George Bromley Knight, and Iuſtice of the three ſhieres in Wales.

William Gerrard, Lord Chauncellor of Ireland, and Iuſtice of the three Shieres in Southwales.

Charles Foxe Eſquier and Secretorie.

Ellice Price Doctor of the Lawe.

Edward Leighton Eſquier.

Richard Seborne Eſquier.

Richard Pates Eſquier.

Rafe Barton Eſquier.

George Phetyplace Eſquier.

William Leighton Eſquier.

Myles Sands Eſquier.

The Armes of al theſe afore ſpoken of are gallantly and cunningly ſet out in the Chappell.

Now is to be rehearſed, that Sir Harry Sidney being Lord Preſident, buylt twelue roumes in the ſayd Caſtle, which goodly buildings doth ſhewe a great beautie to the ſame.

The great water called Teã, comes 17. mile frõ a place called the Whitehall neere vnto Begyldie in the County of Radnor.

He made alſo a goodly Wardrope vnderneath the new Parlor, and repayred an old Tower, called Mortymers Tower, to keepe the auncient Records in the ſame: and he repayred a fayre rounne vnder the Court houſe, to the ſame entent and purpoſe, and made a great wall about the woodyard, & built a moſt braue Condit within the inner Court: and all the newe buildings ouer the Gate Sir Harry Sidney (in his daies and gouernement there) made and ſet out to the honour of the Quéene, and glorie of the Caſtle.

The Forreſt of Brenwood is weſt from the towne.

The Chace of Mocktrie and Ockley Parkes ſtãds not farre from thence.

There are in a goodly or ſtately place ſet out my Lord Earle of Warwicks Armes, the Earle of Darbie, the Earle of Worceſter, the Earle of Penbroke, and Sir Harry Sidneys Armes in like maner: al theſe ſtand on the left hand of the Chamber. On the other ſide are the Armes of Northwales and Southwales, two red Lyons and two golden Lyons, Prince Arthurs.

A deuice of the Lord Preſidents.

At the end of the dyning Chamber, there is a prettie deuice how the Hedgehog brake the chayne, and came from Ireland to Ludloe.

There is in the Hall a great grate of Iron of a huge height: ſo much is written only of the Caſtle.

The Towne of Ludloe, and many *good gifts graunted to the ſame.*

He gaue great poſſeſſions, large liberties, and did incorporate them with many goodly freedomes.

KIng Edward fourth, for ſeruice truely done,
When Henry firſt, and he had mortall warre:
No ſooner he, by force the victorie wone,
But with great things, the Towne he did reſarre.
Gaue lands thereto, and libertie full large,
Which royall gifts, his bountie did declare,
And dayly doth, mainteyne the Townes great charge:
Whoſe people now, in as great freedome are,

As

As any men, vnder this rule and Crowne,
That liues and dwels, in Citie or in Towne.

That Towne hath bin well gouerned a long while with two Baylieses, twelue Aldermen, and fiue and thirtie Commoners, a Recorder & a Townclarke assistant to the sayd Baylieses by iudiciall course of lawe weekely, in as large and ample maner for their triall betweene partie and partie, as any Cittie or Borrowe of England hath.

Two Baylieses rules, one yéere the Towne throughout,
Twelue Aldermen, they haue there in likewise:
Who doth beare sway, as turne doth come about,
Who chosen are, by oth and auncient guise.
Good lawes they haue, and open place to pleade,
In ample sort, for right and Iustice sake:
A Preacher too, that dayly there doth reade,
A Schoolemaster, that doth good schollers make.
And for the Queere, are boyes brought vp to sing,
And so serue God, and doe none other thing.

Thrée tymes a day, in Church good Seruice is,
At fiue a clocke, at nine, and then at three:
In which due howers, a straunger shall not mis,
But sondrie sorts, of people there to see.
And thirtie thrée, poore persons they maintaine,
Who weékely haue, both money, almes and ayde:
Their lodging free, and further to be plaine,
Still once a weeke, the poore are truely payde:
Which shewes great grace, and goodnesse in that Seate,
Where rich doth see, the poore shall want no meate.

The poore haue sweete lodgings each one a part to himselfe.

An Hospitall, there hath beene long of old,
And many things, pertayning to the same:
A goodly Guyld, the Township did vphold,
By Edwards gift, a King of worthie fame.
This Towne doth chose, two Burgesses alwaies
For Parliament, the custome still is so:
Two Fayres a yéere, they haue on seuerall daies,
Three Markets kept, but monday chiefe I troe:
And two great Parkes, there are full néere the Towne,
But those of right, pertaine vnto the Crowne.

An Hospitall called S. Iones.

A Guyld that King Edward (by Letters Patents) gaue to the Baylies and Burgesses of the towne.

The Aldermē are Iustices of the Peace for the time being

These

These things rehearst, makes Ludloe honord mitch,
And would to thinke, it is an auncient Seate:
Where many men, both worthie wise and ritch
Were borne and bred, and came to credit great.
Our auncient Kings, and Princes there did rest,
Where now full oft, the President dwels a space:
It stands for Wales, most apt, most fit and best,
And nerest to, at hand of any place:
Wherefore I thought, it good before I end,
Withim this booke, this matter should be pend.

The rest of Townes, that in Shropshiere you haue,
I neede not touch, they are so throughly knowne:
And further more, I knowe they cannot craue
To be of Wales, how euer brute be blowne.
So wishing well, as duetie doth me binde,
To one and all, as farre as power may goe,
I knit vp here, as one that doth not minde
Of native Soyle, no further now to showe.
So cease my muse, let pen and paper pause,
Till thou art calde, to write of other cause.

An Introduction to remember Shropshiere.

HOw hath thy muse so long bene luld a sleepe?
What deadly drinke, hath sence in slumber brought?
Doth poyson cold, through blood and bosome creepe?
Or is of spite, some charme by witchcraft wrought,
That vitall spirites, hath lost their feeling quite?
Or is the hand, so weake it cannot write?
Come pole man, and shewe some honest cause,
Why writers pen, makes now so great a pause.

A deuice of the Author called Reasons threatning.

Can

Can Wales be nam'de, and Shropſhiere be forgote,
The marſhes muſt, make muſter with the reſt:
Shall Sallop ſay, their countreyman doth dote,
To treate of things, and write what thinks him beſt.
No ſure ſuch fault, were dubble error plaine,
If in thy pen, be any Poets vayne,
Or gifts of grace, from Skyes did drop on thée,
Than Shrewſebrie Towne, thereof firſt cauſe muſt bée.

Both borne and bred, in that ſame Seate thou waſt, The Author borne in Shrewſeburie.
(Of race right good, or els Records do lye)
From whence to ſchoole, where euer Churchyard paſt.
To natiue Soyle, he ought to haue an eye,
Speake well of all, and write what would may proue,
Let nothing goe, beyond thy Countries loue: Shrewſeburie the marſhes of
Wales once it was, and yet to mend thy tale, Wales.
Make Wales the Parke, and plaine Shropſhiere the pale.

If pale be not, a ſpeciall peece of Parke,
Sit ſilent now, and neither write nor ſpeake:
But leaue out pale, and thou mayſt miſſe the marke,
Thy muſe would hit, or els thy ſhaft may breake
Againſt a ſtone, thou thinkſt to glance vpon. Reaſons
Now weigh theſe words, my chorliſh check is gon, threatning is
More gentle ſpéech, hereafter may I ſpend, done.
When that in verſe, I ſee thy Countrie pend.

When Reaſons threat, had rapt me on the pate, The priuie
(With priuie blowes, that neuer drawes no blood) blowes that
To ſtudie ſtreight, with pen and pake I gate, Reaſon giues.
And ſadly there, bethought me what was good.
But ere the locke, and doore was bolted faſt,
Ten thouſand toyes, in head through fancie paſt,
And twentie more, conceyts came rouling on,
That were too long, to talke and treat vpon.

Wherefore in briefe, I fettled pen to worke,
For feare of shame slouthfull men are well occupied.
For feare least world, found fault with slouthfull muse:
And calling vp, the spirites that close did lurke
In cloke of ease, that would good wits abuse.
I held on way, to ancient Shrewsebrie Towne,
And so from horse, at lodging lighting downe,
I walkt the streates, and markt what came to vewe,
Found old things dead, as world were made a newe.

Newe buildings makes old deuice blush.
For buildings gay, and gallant finely wrought,
Had old deuice, through tyme supplanted cleane:
Some houses bare, that seem'd to be worth nought,
Were fat within, that outward loked leane:
Wit had won wealth, to stuffe each emptie place,
The cunning head, and labouring hand had grace
To gayne and keepe, and lay vp still in store,
As man might say, the heart could wish no more.

Labour reapes reward.
A number sure, were ritch become of late,
By worldly meanes, by hap or wisedomes arte:
He had no praise, that did apayre his state,
And he most lawde, that playd the wisest parte.
To come by goods, well won with honest trade,
And warely loke, there were no hauock made:
Such thriftie men, doe dwell in Shrewsebrie now,
That all the Towne, is full of Marchants throw.

Many well borne and rich in Shrewseburie.
And sondrie borne, of right good race and blood,
Who freely liues, from bondage euery way:
Whose rent and lands, whose wealth and worldly good,
(When other worke, giues them free leaue to play)
Diuers Almes houses in Shrewseburie, and hath bin there maintayned in old time.
Most part are ritch, or els right well to liue,
And to the poore, the godly people giue:
To preaching still, repayres both young and old,
Makes more thereof, then of ritch pearle or gold.

Now come to poynts, and rules of ciuill men,
Good maner calde, that shewes good nature still:
And so with Wales, ye may compare them then,
The meanest sort, I meane of slendrest skill.
For as some whelpes, that are of gentle kinde,
Excedes curre dogges, that beares a doggish minde:
So these meeke folke, that meetes you in the streete,
Will curchie make, or shewe an humble spreete.

Shrewsburie and Wales are like in courtesie.

This argues sure, they haue in Wales bin bred,
Or well brought vp, and taught where now they dwell:
If haughtie heart, be spyde by loftie hed,
And curteous folkes, by lokes are knowne full well:
Me thinkes the myld, wins all goodwill away,
The sturdie stands, like Stagge or Bucke at bay:
The tame white Doue, and Faulkon for delytes,
Are better farre, then fifteene hundred Kytes.

Fayre words and reuerence is a common thing there.

Good nature and good maners shewes good mynds.

Stout behauiour is rather abhorred then embraced.

My theame is Wales, and to that theame I goe,
Perhaps some seede, of that same Soyle is here:
Sowne in such sort, that dayly it doth growe
In fayrest fourme, to furnish forth this shiere.
Admit the same, the sequell graunts it well,
Passe that discourse, and giue me leaue to tell
How Shrewsebrie stands, and of the Castles seate,
The Riuer large, and stonie bridge so greate.

Many of wales wealthie men in Shrewsebu-rie.

The Towne three parts, stands in a valley loe,
Three gates there are, through which you needes must passe,
As to the height, of Towne the people goe:
So Castle seemes, as twere a loking glasse,
To loke through all, and hold them all in awe,
Treangle wise, the gates and Towne doth drawe:
But Castle hill, spyes out each streate so plaine,
As though an eye, on them did still remaine.

A deepe deuice the foundation of Shrewseburie. The Castle built in such a braue plot, that it could haue espyed a byrd flying in euery streate.

In midſt of Towne, fower Parriſh Churches are,
A matter to be marked. Full nere and cloſe, together note that right:
The vewe farre of, is wondrous ſtraunge and rare,
For they doe ſeeme, a true loue knot to ſight:
A Knight lyes croſſelegged in S. Maries, his name is Leyborne. They ſtand on hill, as Nature wrought a Seate,
To place them fower, in ſtately beautie greate:
As men deuout, to buyld theſe works toke care,
So in theſe daies, theſe Temples famous are.

Of the fame of Churches. Firſt for the cauſe, whereon they ſo were made,
Then for their fourme, and faſhion framed fine:
Next for the coſt, the ſtones and auncient trade,
And chiefe of all, for mans intent deuine.
Their placing thus, the plots whereon they ſtand,
The workmanſhip, with cunning Maſons hand:
Their height and breadth, their length and thickneſſe both,
Argues in deede, a wondrous worke of troth.

Of the Riuer of Seuarne. Not farre from them, doth gwdly Seuarne run,
An arme of Sea, a water large and deepe:
Whoſe headſtrong ſtreame, the Fiſher can not ſhun,
Except by banke, both bote and he doth creepe.
This Riuer runs, to many a noble Towne,
As Wyſter one, and Briſtowe of renowne:
With moe beſides, which here I neede not name,
The Card can ſhewe, both them and all their fame.

A notable Riuer, called Seuarn, running vnder two faire bridges of ſtone. About the walles, trim vnder gwdly banks
Doth Seuarne paſſe, and comes by Cotten hill:
Much praiſe they had, and purchaſt many thanks,
That at Stonebridge, made place for many a Mill.
About the Towne, this water may be brought,
If that a way, were nere the Caſtle wrought:
So Caſtle ſhould, ſtand like a peereles mount,
And Shrewſebrie Towne, be had in great account.

Full

Full from Welshbridge, along by meddowes greene,
The Riuer runs, most fayre and fine to bewe:
Such fruitfull ground, as this is seldome seene
In many parts, if that I heare be true.
Yet each man knowes, that grasse is in his pride,
And ayre is fresh, by euery Riuers side:
But sure this plot, doth farre surpasse the rest,
That by good lot, is not with graces blest.

There is a bridge called Welshbridge, which shewes Shrewseburie to be of Wales

Who hath desire, to bewe both hill and vale,
Walke vp old wall, of Castle rude and bare,
And he shall see, such pleasure set to sale,
In kindly sort, as though some Marchants ware
Were set in shop, to please the passer by:
Or els by shewe, beguyld the gazers eye:
For loke but downe, along the pleasant coast,
And he shall thinke, his labour is not lost.

The Castle though old and ruynate stands most braue and gallantly.

Maister Prince his house stãds so trim and finely, that it graceth all the Soyle it is in.

One way appeares, Stonebridge and Subbarbs there,
Which called is, the Abbey Forehed yet:
A long great streate, well builded large and faire,
In as good ayre, as may be wisht with wit:
Where Abbey stands, and is such ring of Belles,
As is not found, from London vnto Welles:
The Steeple yet, a gracious pardon findes,
To bide all blasts, all wethers stormes and windes.

Another way, full ore Welshbridge there is,
An auncient streate, cal'd Franckwell many a day:
To Ozestri, the people passe through this,
And vnto Wales, it is the reddie way.
In Subbarbs to, is Castle Forehed both,
A streate well pau'd, two seuerall waies that goeth:
All this without, and all the Towne within,
When Castle stood, to bewe hath subiect bin.

Here is the way to Meluerley, to Wattels Borrow where Ma. Leighton dwelles, to Cawx Castle Lord Staffords, and to Maister Williams house.

Aldermen in Scarlet orderly in Shrewſebu-rie, and two Baylieſes as richly ſet-out as any Mayor of ſome great Cities.

But now doth hold, their frædome of the Prince,
And as is found, in Recoꝛds true vnſaynd,
This trim ſhiere towne, was buylt a great while ſince:
Whoſe priuiledge, by loyaltie was gaynd.
Two Baylieſes there, doth rule as courſe doth fall,
In ſtate like Maioꝛ, and oꝛders good withall:
Each officer due, that fits foꝛ ſtately place,
Each yeere they haue, to yeeld the roume moꝛe grace.

Great & coſtly banquetting in Chriſtmas and at all Seſſions & Sizes.

On ſollemne daies, in Scarlet gownes they goe,
Good houſe they keepe, as cauſe doth ſerue thereforꝛe:
But Chriſtmas feaſts, compares with all I knowe
Saue London ſure, whoſe ſtate is farre much moꝛe.
That Cities charge, makes ſtraungers bluſh to ſee,
So princely ſtill, it is in each degree:
But though it beare, a Toꝛch beyond the beſt,
This Lanterne light, may ſhine among the reſt.

A matter of trafficke to be noted and cõſidered of.

This Towne with moꝛe, fit members foꝛ the head,
Makes London ritch, yet reapes great gayne from thence:
It giues good gold, foꝛ Clothes and markes of lead,
And foꝛ Welſh ware, exchaungeth Engliſh pence.

London compared to the flowing Sea.

A fountaine head, that many Condits ſerue,
Keepes moyſt dꝛye Spꝛings, and doth it ſelfe pꝛeſerue:
The flowing Sea, to which all Riuers run,
May ſpare ſome ſhewꝛes, to quench the heate of Sun.

The great muſt maintaine the ſmal.

So London muſt, like mother to the Realme,
To all her babes, giue milke, giue ſucke and pap:
Small Bꝛookes ſwelles vp, by foꝛce of mightie ſtreame,
As little things, from greateſt gaynes good hap.
If Shrewſebrie thꝛiue, and laſt in this good lucke,
It is not like, to lacke of woꝛldly mucke:
The trade is great, the Towne and Seate ſtands well,
Great health they haue, in ſuch ſweete Soyles that dwell.

Thus

Thus farre I goe, to proue this Wales in deede,
Or els at least, the marches of the same:
But further speake, of Shiere it is no neede,
Saue Ludloe now, a Towne of noble fame:
A godly Seate, where oft the Councell lyes,
Where Monuments, are found in auncient guyse:
Where Kings and Queenes, in pompe did long abyde,
And where God pleasde, that god Prince Arthur dyde.

Ludloe is set out after.

This Towne doth front, on Wales as right as lyne,
So sondrie Townes, in Shropshiere doe for troth:
As Ozestry, a pretie Towne full fine,
Which may be lou'd, be likte and praysed both.
It stands so trim, and is maintaynd so cleane,
And peopled is, with folke that well doe meane:
That it deserues, to be enrould and shrynd
In each good breast, and euery manly mynd.

Ozestrie and Bishops Castle doth front in Wales.

The Market there, so farre exceedes withall,
As no one Towne, comes neere it in some sort:
For loke what may, be wisht or had at call,
It is there found, as market men report.
For Poultrie, Foule, of euery kind somewhat,
No place can shewe, so much more cheape then that:
All kind of Cates, that Countrie can afford,
For money there, is bought with one bare word.

Of a notable market a meruelous matter.

They harke not long, about the thing they sell,
For price is knowne, of each thing that is brought:
Poore folke God wot, in Towne no longer dwell,
Then money had, perhaps a thing of nought:
So trudge they home, both barelegge and vnshod,
With song in Welsh, or els in praysing God:
O sweete content, O merrie mynd and mood,
With sweat of browes, thou lou'st to get thy food.

Poore folkes makes fewe words in bargayning.

The blessednesse of plaine people.

O plaine good folke, that haue no craftie braines,
O Conscience clere, thou knowst no cunning knacks:
O harmlesse hearts, where feare of God remaines,
O simple Soules, as sweete as Virgin wax.
O happie heads, and labouring bodies blest,
O sillie Doues, of holy Abrahams brest:
You slepe in peace, and rise in ioye and blisse,
For Heauen hence, for you prepared is.

A rare report yet truely giuen of Wales.

Where shall we finde, such dealing now adaies?
Where is such chere, so cheape and chaunge of fare?
Ride North and South, and search all beaten waies,
From Barwick bounds, to Venice if you dare,
And finde the like, that I in Wales haue found,
And I shall be, your slaue and bondman bound.
If Wales be thus, as tryall well shall proue,
Take Wales goodwill, and giue them neighbours loue.

You must reade further before you finde Ludloe described.

To Ludloe now, my muse must needes returne,
A season short, no long discourse doth craue:
Tyme rouleth on, I doe but daylight burne,
And many things, in deede to doe I haue.
Lowke what great Towne, doth front on Wales this bower,
I minde to touch, God sparing life and power:
Not hyerd thereto, but hal'de by harts desire
To giue them praise, whose deedes doe fame require.

Verte folium.

Of Shrewsebury Churches and the Monuments

The Authors forgetfulnesse excused.

therein, with a Bridge of stone two bowshot long, and a streate called Colam, being in the Subbarbs, and a fayre Bridge there in like maner: all this was forgotten in the first copie.

I Had such haste, in hope to be but briefe,
That Monuments, in Churches were forgot:

And

And somewhat more, behind the walles as chiefe,
Where Playes haue bin, which is most worthie note.
There is a ground, newe made Theator wise,
Both deepe and hye, in goodly auncient guise:
Where well may sit, ten thousand men at ease,
And yet the one, the other not displease.

A pleasant and artificiall peece of ground

A space belowe, to bayt both Bull and Beare,
For Players two, great roume and place at will.
And in the same, a Cocke pit wondrous feare,
Besides where men, may wrastle in their fill.
A ground most apt, and they that sits aboue,
At once in vewe, all this may see for loue:
At Astons Play, who had beheld this then,
Might well haue seene, there twentie thousand men.

Maister Aston was a good and godly Preacher.

Fayre Seuarne streame, runs round about this ground,
Saue that one side, is closde with Shrewsebrie wall:
And Seuarne bankes, whose beautie doth abound,
In that same Soyle, behold at will ye shall.
Who comes to marke, and note what may be seene,
Shall surely see, great pleasures on this greene:
Who walkes the bankes, and thinkes his payne not greate,
Shall say the Towne, is sure a princely Seate.

A Friery house stood by this ground called the Welsh Fryers. In Shrewsebu-rie were three Fryer houses.

Without the walles, as Subbarbs buylded bee,
So doe they stand, as armes and legges to Towne:
Each one a streate, doth answer in degree,
And by some part, comes Seuarne running downe:
As though that streame, had mynd to garde them all,
And as through bridge, this flood doth dayly fall,
So of Freestone, three Bridges bigge there are,
All stately built, a thing full straunge and rare.

Then iudge by this, and other things a heape,
They had deepe skill, that first the founders were:

God right they should, the fruite of labour reape,
Whose wit and wealth, did all the charges beare.
O fathers wise, and wits beyond the nicke,
That had the head, the spyrites and sence so quicke:
O golden age, that car'de not what was spent,
So leaden daies, did stand therewith content.

Gold were those yeares, that sparde such siluer pence,
And brazen world, was that which honored all:
The leaden daies, that we haue sauerd since,
Bytes to the bones, and tasteth worse then gall.
What newe things now, with frankenesse well begun,
Can staine those deedes, our fathers old haue done:
Great Townes they buylt, great Churches reard likewise,
Which makes our fame, to fall and theirs to rise.

Loke on the works, and wits of former age,
And our tyme shall, come dragging farre behind:
If both tymes might, be plainly playd on stage,
And old tyme past, be truely calde to mind,
For all our braue, fine glorious buyldings gay,
Tyme past would run, with all the fame away.
Aske Oxford that, and Cambridge if it please,
In this one poynt, shall you resolue at ease.

A briefe discourse of auncient tyme.

In auncient tyme, our elders had desire,
To buyld their Townes, on steepe and stately hill:
To shewe that as, their hearts did still aspyre,
So should their works, declare their worthie will.
And for that then, the world was full of strife,
And fewe men stod, assurd of land or life:
Such quarrels rose, about great rule and state,
That no one Soyle, was free from foule debate.

The occasion of buylding strong Holds.

For which sharpe cause, that dayly bred discord,
They made strong Holds, and Castles of defence:

And

And ſuch as weare, the Kings the Prince and Lord
Of any place, would ſpare for no expence,
To ſee that ſafe, that they had hardly won:
For which ſure poynt, were Forts and Townes begun:
And further loe, if people wared wyld,
They brought in feare, by this both man an child.

And if men may, iudge who had moſt ado,
Or geſſe by Forts, and Holds what Land was beſt:
Or loke vpon, our common quarrels to:
Or ſearch what made, men ſeeke for peace and reſt,
Behold but Wales, and note the Caſtles there,
And you ſhall finde, no ſuch works any where:
So old ſo ſtrong, ſo coſtly and ſo hye,
Not vnder Sunne, is to be ſeene with eye.

Wales hath a wonderfull number of Caſtles.

And to be plaine, ſo many Holds they haue,
As ſure it is, a world to marke them well:
Pauſe there a while, my muſe muſt pardon craue,
Pen may not long, vpon ſuch matter dwell.
Now Denbigh comes, to be ſet forth in verſe,
Which ſhall both Towne, and Caſtle here rehearſe:
So that the verſe, ſuch credit may attayne,
As writer ſhall, not loſe no peece of payne.

A deſcription of Denbighſhiere.

An Introduction to bring *in Denbighſhiere.*

HAth ſlouth and ſleepe, bewitcht my ſences ſo,
That head cannot, awake the ydle hand:
Is frendly muſe, become ſo great a foe,
That labring pen, in penno[r] ſtill ſhall ſtand.
What trifeling toye, doth trouble writers brayne,
That earneſt loue, forgets ſweete Poets payne:

A conceyted toy to ſet a broach an earneſt matter.

Bid welcome mirth, and sad conceytes adue,
And fall againe, to write some matter newe.

Let old deuice, a Lanterne be to this,
To giue skill light, and make sound iudgement see:
Since gazing eyes, hath seene what each thing is,
And that no Towne, nor Soyle is hid from thee:
Set forth in verse, as well this Countrey here,
As thou at large, hast set out Monmouthshiere:
Praise one alone, the rest will thee disdaine,
A day may come, at length to quite thy paine.

Being Muster-maister of Kent mote chargeable then well cõsidered of there.

Though former toyles, be lost in Sommer last,
Dispayre not now, for Wales is thankfull still:
Thou hast gon farre, the greatest brunt is past,
Then forward passe, and plucke not backe good will,
Put hand to Plough, like man goe through with all,
Thy ground is good, run on thou canst not fall:
When seede is sowne, and tyme bestowes some paine,
Thou shalt be knowne, a reaper of good graine.

Hold on thy course, and trauaile Wales all ore,
And whet thy wits, to marke and note it well:
And thou shalt see, thou neuer saw'st before,
Right goodly things, in deede that doth excell:
More auncient Townes, more famous Castles old,
Then well farre of, with ease thou mayst behold:
With Denbighshiere, thy second worke begin,
And thou shalt see, what glorie thou shalt win.

Chirke Castle a goodly and princely house yet.

So I toke horse, and mounted vp in haste,
From Monmouthshiere, a long the coasts I ryde:
When frost and snowe, and wayward winters waste,
Did beate from tree, both leaues and Sommers pryde.
I entred first, at Chirke, right ore a Broke,
Where staying still, on Countrey well to loke.

A Caſtle fayre, appéerde to ſight of eye,
Whoſe walles were great, and towers both large and hye.

Full vnderneath, the ſame doth Kéeryock rum,
A raging Bzoke, when rayne oz ſnowe is greate:
It was ſome Pzince, that firſt this houſe begun,
It ſhewes farre of, to be ſo haue a Seate.
On ſide of hill, it ſtands moſt trim to vewe,
An old ſtrong place, a Caſtle nothing newe.
A gwdly thing, a pzincely Pallace yet,
If all within, were thzoughly furniſht fit.

Keeryock a wondrous violent water.

Maiſter Iohn Edwards hath a fayre houſe nere this.

Beyond the ſame, there is a Bzidge of ſtone,
That ſtands on Dée, a Riuer déepe and ſwift:
It ſeemes as it, would riue the Rocks alone,
Oz vndermyne, with foyce the craggie Cliff.
To Cheſter runs, this Riuer all along,
With guſhing ſtreame, and rozing water ſtrong:
On both the ſides, are bankes and hilles gwd ſtoze,
And mightie ſtones, that makes the Riuer roze.

Newe Bridge on the Riuer Dee.

It flowes with winde, although no rayne there bée,
And ſwelles like Sea, with waues and foming flwd:
A wonder ſure, to ſee this Riuer Dée,
With winde alone, to ware ſo wyld and wwd,
Make ſuch a ſturre, as water would be mad,
And ſhewe ſuch life, as though ſome ſpzéete it had.
A cauſe there is, a nature foz the ſame,
To bzing this flwd, in ſuch ſtraunge caſe and frame.

A ſtraũge nature of a water

There is a poole in Meryonethſhiere of three myle long rageth ſo by ſtorme that it makes this Riuer flowe.

Not farre from this, there ſtands on little mount,
A right fayze Church, with pillars large and wide:
A monument, therein of gwd account,
Full finely wzought, amid the Quéere I ſpyde,
A Tombe there is, right rich and ſtately made,
Where two doth lye, in ſtone and auncient trade.

Ruabon Church is a fayre peece of worke.

The man and wife, with sumptuous sollemne guyse,
In this sitch sort, before the Aulter lyes.

This Gentleman was called Iohn Bellis Eytton.

His head on creſt, and warlike Helmet ſtayes,
A Lyon blew, on top thereof comes out:
On Lyons necke, along his legges he layes,
Two Gauntlets white, are lying there about.
An auncient Squire, he was and of good race,
As by his Armes, appeares in many a place:
His houſe and lands, not farre from thence doth ſhoe,
His birth and blood, was great right long agoe.

The trimmeſt glaſſe, that may in windowe bee,
(Wherein the roote, of Jeſſe well is wrought)
At Aulter head, of Church now ſhall you ſee,
Yea all the glaſſe, of Church was deerely bought.

Offaes Dyke.

Within two myles, there is a famous thing,
Cal'de Offaes Dyke, that reacheth farre in length:
All kind of ware, the Danes might thether bring,
It was free ground, and cal'de the Britaines ſtrength.

Wats Dyke.

Wats Dyke likewiſe, about the ſame was ſet,
Betweene which two, both Danes and Britaines met,
And trafficke ſtill, but paſſing bounds by ſleight,
The one did take, the other priſner ſtreight.

Thus foes could meete, (as many tymes they may)
And doe no harme, when profite ment they both:
Good rule and lawe, makes baddeſt things to ſtay,
That els by rage, to wretched reuell goeth.
The bruteſt beaſts, that ſauage are of kynd,
Together comes, as ſeaſon is aſſynde:
The angryeſt men, that can no friendſhip byde,
Muſt ceace from warre, when peace appalles their pryde.

Now

Now let this goe, and call in haſte to minde,
Trim Wricklam Towne, a pearle of Denbighſhiere:
In whoſe fayre Church, a Tombe of ſtone I finde,
Under a wall, right hand on ſide of Quéere.
On th'other ſide, one Pilſon lyes in graue,
Whoſe hearſe of blacke, ſayth he a Tombe ſhall haue:
In Quéere lyes Hope, by Armes of gentle race,
Of function once, a rector in that place.

Robert Howell lyes there a Gentleman.

But ſpeake of Church, and ſtéeple as I ought,
My pen to baſe, ſo fayre a worke to touch:
Within and out, they are ſo finely wrought,
I cannot praiſe, the workmanſhip too much.
But buylt of late, not eight ſcore yéeres agoe,
Not of long tyme, the date thereof doth ſhoe:
No common worke, but ſure a worke moſt fine,
As though they had, bin wrought by power deuine.

The ſtéeple there, in forme is full foure ſquare,
Yet euery way, fiue pinnackles appéere:
Trim Pictures fayre, in ſtone on outſide are,
Made all like ware, as ſtone were nothing déere.
The height ſo great, the breadth ſo bigge withall,
No peece thereof, is likely long to fall,
A worke that ſtands, to ſtayne a number more,
In any age, that hath bin buylt before.

A generall Commendation of Gentilitie.

NEre Wricklam dwels, of Gentlemen good ſtore,
Of calling ſuch, as are right well to liue:
By Market towne, I haue not ſeene no more,
(In ſuch ſmall roume) that auncient Armes doe giue.

They

The worthines

In Maylor, are all theſe Gentlemen. Maiſter Roger Pilſons houſe at Itchlay.

They are the ioye, and gladneſſe of the pore,
That daylye feedes, the hungrie at their dore:
In any Soyle, where Gentlemen are found,
Some houſe is kept, and bountie doth abound.

Maiſter Almmer at Pantyokin. Maiſter Iohn Pilſon of Berſan. Maiſter Edward Iones of Cadoogan. Maiſter Iames Eaton of Eatton.

They beautifie, both Towne and Countrey tw,
And furniſht are, to ſerue at neede in feeld:
And euery thing, in rule and order do,
And vnto God, and man due honour yeeld.
They are the ſtrength, and ſuretie of the Land,
In whoſe true hearts, doth truſt and credit ſtand,
By whoſe wiſe heads, the neighbours ruled are,
In whom the Prince, repoſeth greateſt care.

Maiſter Edward Eaton by Ruabon. Maiſter Owen Brueton of Borras. Maiſter Iohn Pilſon of Haberdewerne.

They are the flowers, of euery garden ground,
For where they want, there growes but wicked weedes:
Their tree and fruite, in rotten woyld is ſownd,
Their noble mynds, will bring forth faithfull deedes:
Their gloyie reſts, in Countries wealth and fame,
They haue reſpect, to blood and auncient name:
They weigh nothing, ſo much as loyall hart,
Which is moſt pure, and cleane in euery part.

Maiſter Thomas Powell of Horſley. Maiſter Iohn Treuar of Treuolin.

They doe vphold, all ciuill maners myld,
All manly acts, all wiſe and worthie waies:
If they were not, the Countrey would grow wyld,
And we ſhould ſoone, forget our elders daies:
Ware blunt of wit, in ſpeech growe rude and rough,
Want vertue ſtill, and haue of vice enough.

A generall praiſe of all Gentlemen inhabiting of any Countrey.

Shewe feeble ſpirite, lacke courage euery where,
Dout many a thing, and our owne ſhadowes feare.

They dare attempt, for fame and hye renowne,
To ſcale the Clowdes, if men might clyme the ayre:
Aſſault the Starres, and plucke the Planets downe,
Giue charge on Mone, and Sunne that ſhines ſo fayre.

I meane they dare, attempt the greatest things,
Flye swiftly ore, high Hilles if they had wings:
Beate backe the Seas, and teare the Mountaines twa,
Yea what dare not, a man of courage dw.

Now must I turne, to my discourse agayne,
I Wricksam leaue, and pen out further playne:
So if my muse, were now in pleasant vayne,
Holt Castle should, from verse receiue some grace:
The Seate is fine, and trimly buylt about,
With lodgings fayre, and goodly roumes throughout,
Strong Vaults and Caues, and many an old deuice,
That in our daies, are held of worthie price.

Holt Castle an excellent fine place, the River of Dee running by it.

Maister Hues dwelles there,

That place must passe, with praise and so adue,
My muse is bent, (and pen is readie prest)
To feede your eares, with other matters newe,
That yet remaines, in head and labouring brest.
A Mountaine towne, that is Thlangothlan calde,
A pretie Seate, but not well buylt nor walde,
Stands in the way, to Yale and Writhen both,
Where are great Hilles, and Plaines but fewe for troth.

Maister Euan Flud dwelles in Yale, in a fayre house.

Castle Dynosebraen on a wooddie hill on the one side, & Greene Castle on the other.

Of Mountaines now, in deede my muse must runne,
The Poets there, did dwell as fables fayne:
Because some say, they would be neere the Sunne,
And taste sometymes, the frost, the cold, and rayne,
To iudge of both, which is the chiefe and best.
Who knowes no toyle, can neuer skill of rest,
Who alwaies walkes, on carpet soft and gay,
Knowes not hard Hilles, nor likes the Mountaine way.

A Bridge of stone very faire there stands ouer Dee.

A discourse of Mountaynes.

Maister Lakon.
Ma. Thlude of Yale.

DAme Nature drew, these Mountaynes in such sort,
As though the one, should yeeld the other grace:

Or as each Hill, it selfe were such a Fort,
They scornde to stope, to giue the Cannon place.
If all were playne, and smoth like garden ground,
Where should hye woods, and goodly groues be found?
The eyes delight, that lookes on euery coast,
With pleasures great, and fayre prospect were lost.

On Hill we bewe, farre of both feeld and flood,
Feele heate or cold, and so sucke vp swéete ayre:
Behold beneath, great wealth and worldly good,
See walled Townes, and loke on Countries fayre,
And who so sits, or stands on Mountayne hye,
Hath halfe a world, in compasse of his eye:
A platforme made, of Nature for the nonce,
Where man may loke, on all the earth at once.

These ragged Rocks, brings playnest people forth,
On Mountaine wyld, the hardest Horse is bred:
Though grasse thereon, be grosse and little worth,
Swéete is the foode, where hunger so is fed.
On rootes and hearbs, our fathers long did feede,
And nære the Skye, growes swéetest fruit in déede:
On marrish meares, and watrie mossie ground,
Are rotten weedes, and rubbish drosse vnsound.

The fogges and mists, that rise from vale belowe,
A reason makes, that highest Hilles are best:
And when such fogges, doth ore the Mountayne goe,
In foulest daies, fayre weather may be gest.
As bitter blasts, on Mountaynes bigge doth blowe,
So noysome smels, and sauours breede belowe:
The Hill stands clére, and cleane from filthie smell,
They finde not so, that doth in Valley dwell.

The Mountayne men, liue longer many a yére,
Then those in Vale, in playne or marrish soyle:

A lustie hart, a cleane complexion cléere
They haue on Hill, that for hard liuing toyle.
With Ewe and Lambe, with Goates and Kids they play,
In greatest toyles, to rub out wearie day:
And when to house, and home good fellowes drawe,
The lads can laugh, at turning of a strawe.

No ayre so pure, and wholesome as the Hill,
Both man and beast, delights to be thereon:
In heate or cold, it kéepes one nature still,
Trim neate and dyre, and gay to go vpon.
A place most fit, for pastime and good spoyle,
To which wyld Stagge, and Bucke doth still resoyle:
To crye of Hounds, the Mountayne ecco yéelds,
A grace to Vale, a beautie to the feelds.

It stands for woyld, as though a watch it were,
A stately gard, to keepe greene meddowe myld:
The Poets fayne, on shoulders it doth beare
The Heauens hye, but there they are beguyld.
The maker first, of Mountayne and of Vale,
Made Hill a wall, to clip about the Dale:
A strong defence, for néedfull fruit and Corne,
That els by blast, might quickly be forlorne.

If boystrous wynds, were not withstood by strength,
Repulst by force, and driuen backward tw,
They would destroy, our earthly ioyes at length,
And through their rage, they would much mischiefe dw.
God sawe what smart, and griefe the earth would byde
By sturdie stormes, and pearcing tempests pryde:
So Mountaynes made, to saue the lower soyle,
For feare the earth, should suffer shamefull spoyle.

How could weake leaues, and blossomes hang on tree,
If boystring wynds, should braunches dayly beate:

How could poore soules, in Cottage quiet bee,
If higher grounds, did not defend their seate.
Who buylds his bower, right vnder foote of hill,
Hath little cold, and weather warme at will:
Thus proue I here, the Mountaine frendeth all,
Stands stiffe gaynst stormes, like steele or brazen wall.

You may compare, a King to Mountayne hye,
Whose princely power, can byde both brunt and shocke
Of bitter blast, or Thunderbolt from Skye,
His Fortresse stands, vpon so firme a Rocke.
A Prince helps all, and doth so strongly sit,
That none can harme, by fraude, by force nor wit.
The weake must leane, where strength doth most remayne,
The Mountayne great, commaunds the little Playne.

As Mountayne is, a noble stately thing,
Thrust full of stones, and Rocks as hard as steele:
A peereles peece, comparde vnto a King,
Who sits full fast, on top of Fortunes wheele:
So is the Dale, a place of suttle ayre,
A den of drosse, oft tymes more foule then fayre:
A durtie Soyle, where water long doth byde,
Yet ritch withall, it cannot be denyde.

But wealth mars wit, and weares out vertue cleane,
An eating worme, a Cancker past recure:
A trebble loude, but not a merrie meane,
That Musick makes, but rather iarres procure:
A stirrer vp, of strife and leaud debate,
The ground of warre, that stayneth euery state
With gifres and bribes, that greedie glutton feedes
And filles the gut, whereon great treason breedes.

Wealth fosters pride, and heaues vp haughtie hart,
Makes wit ouerweene, and man beleeue to farre:

Enlects

Infects the mynd, with vice in euery part,
That quickly frets, the sences all at warre.
In Valley rich, these mischiefes nourisht are,
God planted peace, on Mountayne poore and bare:
By sweat of browes, the people liues on Hill,
Not sleight of brayne, ne craft nor cunning skill.

Where dwels disdayne, discord or dubble waies,
But where rich Cubs, and currish Karles are found:
Where is more loue, who hath more happie daies,
Then those poore hynds, that digges and delues the ground.
Perhaps you say, so hard the Rocks may bee,
Ne Corne nor grasse, nor plough thereon you see:
Yet loe the Lord, such blessing there doth giue,
That sweet content, with Oten Cakes can liue.

Sowre Whey and Curds, can yéeld a sugred taste,
Where swéete Marchpane, as yet was neuer knowne:
When emptie gorge, hath bole of Milke embraste,
And Cheese and bread, hath dayly of his owne,
He craues no feast, nor seekes no banquets fine,
Hé can digest, his dinner without wine:
So toyles out life, and likes full well this trade,
Not fearing death, because his count is made.

Who sleepes so sound, as he that hath no Shéepe,
Nor heard of Beasts, to pastor and to feede:
Who feares the Wolfe, but he who Lambes doth kéepe,
And many an howre, is forst to watch in deede.
Though gold be gay, and corydall in his kynd,
The losse of wealth, grypes long a greedie mynd.
Poore Mountayne folke, possesse not such great store,
But when its gon, they care not much therefore.

The worthines Of Yale a little to *be ſpoken of.*

The names of the Riuers of Denbighſhire. Keeriock parts Shropſhere & Débighſhere, before Chirk. Dee at newe Bridge, and Thlangothlen.

THE Countrie Yale, hath Hilles and Mountaynes hye,
Small Valleys there, ſaue where the Brookes do ron:
So many Springs, that field that ſoyle is dyre:
Good Turffe and Peate, on moſſie ground is won,
Wherewith good fires, is made for man moſt meete,
That burneth cleere, and yéelds a ſauour ſwéete
To thoſe which haue, no noſe for dayntie ſmell,
The finer ſort, were beſt in Court to dwell.

Aleyn in the valley of Yale. Clanweddock in the fayre vale of Dufrin Cloyd. Cloyd receiues Clanweddock and Elwye by Saint Aſſe. Iſtrade by Denbigh. Rayhad comes to the Vorney. Keynthleth comes into Rayhad.

This Soyle is cold, and ſubiect vnto winde,
Hard duſkie Rocks, all couered ore full dim:
Where if winde blowe, ye ſhall foule weather finde,
And thinke you feele, the bitter blaſts full byrn.
But though cold bytes, the face and outward ſkin,
The ſtomacke loe, is thereby warm'd within.
For ſtill more meate, the Mountayne men diſgeſt,
Then in the playne, you finde among the beſt.

Here is hard waies, as earth and Mountayne yéelds,
Some ſoftneſſe tho, as tract of foote hath made:
But to the Dames, for walke no pleaſant feelds,
Nor no great woods, to ſhroud them in the ſhade.
Yet Sheepe and Goates, are plentie here in place,
And good welſh Nagges, that are of kindeſt race:
With goodly nowt, both fat and bigge with bone,
That on hard Rocks, and Mountayne feedes alone.

Of Wrythen now, I treate as reaſon is,
But liſence craue, to talke on ſuch a Scate:
Excuſe my ſkill, where pen or muſe doth miſ,
Where knowledge fayles, the cunning is not great.

But

But ere I write, a verse vpon that Soyle,
I will crye out, of Tyme that all doth spoyle:
As age weares youth, and youth giues age the place,
So Tyme weares world, and doth old works disgrace.

A discourse of Tyme.

O Tract of Tyme, that all consumes to dust,
We hold thee not, for thou art bald behinde:
The kayrest Sword, or mettall thou wilt rust,
And brightest things, bring quickly out of minde.
The trimmest Towers, and Castles great and gay,
In processe long, at length thou doest decay:
The brauest house, and princely buildings rare,
Thou wasts and weares, and leaues the walles but bare.

O Tancker vyle, that creepes in hardest mold,
The Marble stone, or Flint thy force shall feele:
Thou hast a power, to pearce and eate the gold,
Fling downe the strong, and make the stout to reele.
O wasting worme, that eates sweete kernels all,
And makes the Nut, to dust and powder fall:
O glutton great, that feedes on each mans store,
And yet thy selfe, no better art therefore.

Tyme all consumes, and helps it selfe no whit,
As fire by flame, burnes coales to sinders small:
Tyme steales in man, much like an Agew fit,
That weares the face, the flesh the skinne and all.
O wretched rust, that wilt not scoured bee,
O dreadfull Tyme, the world is feard of thee:
Thou flingest flat, the highest Tree that growes,
And tryumph makes, on pompe and paynted showes.

But most of all, my muse doth blame thee now,
For throwing downe, a rare and godly Seate:

By Wrythen Towne, a noble Castle throwe,
That in tyme past, had many a lodging greate,
And Towers most fayre, that long a buylding was,
Where now God wot, there growes nothing but grasse:
The stones lye waste, the walles seemes but a shell
Of little worth, where once a Prince might dwell.

Of Wrythen, both the Castle *and the Towne.*

The Castle of Wrythen is yet outwardly a marueilous faire and large princely place.

This Castle stands, on Rocke much like red Bricke,
The Dykes are cut, with tole through stonie Cragge:
The Towers are hye, the walles are large and thicke,
The worke it selfe, would shake a Subiects bagge,
If he were bent, to buyld the like agayne:
It rests on mount, and lookes ore wood and Playne:
It had great store, of Chambers finely wrought,
That tyme alone, to great decay hath brought.

It shewes within, by dubble walles and waies,
A deepe deuice, did first erect the same:
It makes our world, to thinke on elders daies,
Because the worke, was formde in such a frame.
One tower or wall, the other answers right,
As though at call, each thing should please the sight:
The Rocke wrought round, where euery tower doth stand,
Set forth full fine, by head by hart and hand.

There is a Poole here abouts that hath in it a kynd of fish that no other water can shewe.

And fast hard by, runnes Cloyd a Riuer swift,
In winter tyme, that swelles and spreads the feeld:
That water sure, hath such a secret gift,
And such rare Fish, in season due doth yeeld,
As is most straunge: let men of knowledge now
Of such hid cause, search out the nature throwe:

A Pole there is, through which this Cloyd doth passe,
Where is a Fish, that some a Whiting call:
Where neuer yet, no Sammon taken was,
Yet hath good store, of other Fishes all
Aboue that Pole, and so beneath that flood
Are Sammons caught, and many a Fish full good:
But in the same, there will no Sammon bée,
And néere that Pole, you shall no Whiting see.

I haue left out, a Riuer and a Vale,
And both of them, are fayre and worthie note:
Who will them seeke, shall finde them still in Yale,
They beare such fame, they may not be forgot.
The Riuer runnes, a myle right vnder ground,
And where it springs, the issue doth abound:
And into Dée, this water doth dissend,
So loseth name, and therein makes an end.

A Riuer called Aleyn, in the valley of Yale.

Good ground likewise, this Valley seemes to bee,
And many a man, of wealth is dwelling there:
On Mountayne top, the Valley shall you see
All ouer greene, with goodly Meddowes feare.
This Valley hath, a noble neighbour néere,
Wherein the Towne, of Wrythen doth appéere:
Which Towne stands well, and wants no pleasant ayre,
The noble Soyle, and Countrey is so fayre.

The valley of Yale.

A Church there is, in Wrythen at this day,
Wherein Lord Gray, that once was Earle of Kent,
In Tombe of stone, amid the Chauncell lay:
But since remou'd, as worldly matters went,
And in a wall, so layd as now he lyes
Right hand of Quéere, full playne before your eyes:
An Anckres too, that nere that wall did dwell,
With trim wrought worke, in wall is buryed well.

The Earle of Kent lyes here.

An Anckres in King Henrie the fourths tyme buryed here.

Now to the Vale, of worthie Dyffrin Cloyd,
My muse must passe, a Soyle most ritch and gay:
This noble Seate, that neuer none anoyd,
That sawe the same, and rode or went that way:
The vewe thereof, so much contents the mynd,
The ayre therein, so wholesome and so kynd:
The beautie such, the breadth and length likewise,
Makes glad the hart, and pleaseth each mans eyes.

The pleasant vale of Diffrin Cloyd.

This Vale doth reach, so farre in vewe of man,
As he farre of, may see the Seas in verde:
And who a while, for pleasure trauayle can
Throughout this Vale, and thereof take good hærde,
He shall delight, to see a Soyle so fine,
For ground and grasse, a passing plot deuine.
And if the troth, thereof a man may tell,
This Vale alone, doth all the rest excell.

As it belowe, a wondrous beautie showes,
The Hilles aboue, doth grace it trebble fold:
On euery side, as farre as Valley goes,
A border bigge, of Hilles ye shall behold:
They kæpe the Vale, in such a quiet sort,
That birds and beasts, for succour there resort:
Yea flocks of foule, and heards of beasts sometyme,
Drawes there from stormе, when tempests are in pryme.

The Vale throughly described.

Three Riuers run, amid the bottome heere,
Istrade, and Cloyd, Clanweddock (loe) the third:
The noyse of streames, in Sommer morning clære,
The chirp and charme, and chaunt of euery bird
That passeth there, a second Heauen is:
No hellish sound, more like an earthly blis:
A Musick sweete, that through our eares shall creepe,
By secret arte, and lull a man a sleepe.

Three Riuers in this Vale.

A naturall secret touched.

# of Wales.

The Caſtle of Cargoorley *in Denbighſhiere,*

CArgoorley comes, right now to paſſe my pen,
With ragged walles, yea all to rent and torne:
As though it had, bin neuer knowne to men,
Or careleſſe left, as wretched thing forlorne:
Like begger bare, as naked as my nayle,
It lyes along, whoſe wracke doth none bewayle.
But if ſhe knewe, to whom it doth pertayne,
What royalties, and honors doth remayne
Unto that Seate, it ſhould repayred bee,
For further cauſe, then common people ſee.

But ſondrie things, that are full farre from ſight,
Are out of mynd, and cleane forgot in fine:
So ſuch as haue, thereto but little right,
Poſſeſſe the ſame, by leauell and by line,
Or els by hap, or ſuite as often falles:
But what of that, Cargoorleys rotten walles
Can neuer bring, his betters in diſpute,
That hath perchaunce, bin got by hap or ſute:
So reſt good muſe, and ſpeake no further heere,
Leaſt by theſe words, ſome hidden thoughts appeere.

Kings giue and take, ſo tyme ſtill rouleth on,
Good Subiects ſerue, for ſomewhat more or leſſe:
And when we ſee, our fathers old are gon,
Of tyme to come, we haue a greater geſſe.
Firſt how to gayne, by preſent tyme and ſtate,
Then what may fall, by futer tyme and date:
Tyme paſt growes cold, and ſo the world lukewarme
Doth helpe it ſelfe, by Caſtle, houſe or Farme:
That reach is good, that rule my frends God ſend,
Which well begin, and makes a vertuous end.

Thomas Sa-
leſburie of
Lleweni.
Robert Saleſ-
burie of Ba-
chenbid.
Foulk Lloyd
of Houllan.
Piers Holland
of Kynmel.
Piers Owen of
Abergele.
Edward The-
kall of Beren.
William Wyn
of Llamuaire.
Elis Price of
Spitty.
Iohn Middle-
ton.

O Denbigh now, appeare thy turne is next,
I nede no glose, nor shade to set thee out:
For if my pen, doe followe playnest text,
And passe next way, and goe nothing about,
Thou shalt be knowne, as worthie well thou art,
The noblest Soyle, that is in any part:
And for thy Seate, and Castle doe compare,
With any one, of Wales what ere they are.

The strongest Castle & seate that euer man beheld.

This Castle stands, on top of Rocke most hye,
A mightie Cragge, as hard as flint or steele:
A massie mount, whose stones so deepe doth lye,
That no deuice, may well the bottome feele.
The Rocke discends, beneath the auncient Towne,
About the which, a stately wall goes downe,
With buyldings great, and posternes to the same,
That goes through Rocke, to giue it greater fame.

Marke wel the situation and buylding of the same.

I want good words, and reasons apt therefore,
It selfe shall shewe, the substance of my tale:
But yet my pen, must tell here somewhat more,
Of Castles praise, as I haue spoke of Vale.
A strength of state, ten tymes as strong as fayre,
Yet fayre and fine, with dubble walles full thicke,
Like tarres trim, to take the open ayre,
Made of Freestone, and not of burned Bricke:
No buylding there, but such as man might say,
The worke thereof, would last till Iudgement day.

The Seate so sure, not subiect to a Hill,
Nor yet to Myne, nor force of Cannon blast:
Within that house, may people walke at will,
And stand full safe, till daunger all be past.
If Cannon rorde, or barke against the wall,
Frends there may say, a figge for enemies all:
Fiue men within, may keepe out numbers greate,
(In furious sort) that shall approach that Seate.

Wha

Who ſtands on Rocke, and lookes right downe alone,
Shall thinke belowe, a man is but a child:
I ſought my ſelfe, from top to fling a ſtone
With full mayne force, and yet I was beguyld.
If ſuch a height, the mightie Rocke be than,
Ne force nor ſleight, nor ſtout attempt of man,
Can win the Fort, if houſe be furniſht throw,
The troth whereof, let world be witneſſe now.

A practiſe by the Author proued.

It is great payne, from foote of Rocke to clyme
To Caſtle wall, and it is greater toyle
On Rocke to goe, yea any ſtep ſometyme
Uprightly yet, without a faule or foyle.
And as this Seate, and Caſtle ſtrongly ſtands,
Paſt winning ſure, with engin ſword or hands:
So lookes it ore, the Countrey farre or neere,
And ſhines like Torch, and Lanterne of the Sheere.

Wherefore Denbigh, thou bearſt away the praiſe,
Denbigh hath got, the garland of our daies:
Denbigh reapes fame, and lawde a thouſand waies,
Denbigh my pen, vnto the Clowdes ſhall raiſe.
The Caſtle there, could I in order drawe,
It ſhould ſurmount, now all that ere I ſawe.

A great glorie giuen to Denbigh.

¶ *Of Valey Crucis Thlangothlan, and* the Caſtle Dynoſebrane.

THE great deſire, to ſee Denbigh at full,
Did drawe my muſe, from other matter true:
But as that ſight, my mynd away did pull
From former things, I ſhould preſent to you.
So duetie bids, a writer to be playne,
And things left out, to call to mynd agayne:
Thlangothlan then, muſt yet come once in place,
For diuers notes, that giues this booke ſome grace.

The Abbey of Valey Crucis.

An Abbey nere, that Mountayne towne there is,
Whose walles yet stand, and steeple to likewise:
But who that rides, to see the troth of this,
Shall thinke he mounts, on hilles vnto the Skyes.
For when one hill, behind your backe you see,
Another comes, two tymes as hye as hee:
And in one place, the Mountaynes stands so there,
In roundnesse such, as it a Cockpit were.

Their height is great, and full of narrowe waies,
And steepe downe right, of force ye must descend:
Some houses are, buylt there but of late daies,
Full vnderneath, the monstrous Mountaynes end:
Amid them all, and those as man may gesse,
When rayne doth fall, doth stand in sore distresse:
For mightie streames, runnes ore both house and thatch,
When for their liues, poore men on Hilles must watch.

Castle Dynasebraen.

Beyond the same, and yet on Hill full hye,
A Castle stands, an old and ruynous thing:
That haughtie house, was buylt in weathers eye,
A pretie pyle, and pleasure for a King.
A Fort, a Strength, a strong and stately Hold
It was at first, though now it is full old:
On Rocke alone, full farre from other Mount
It stands, which shewes, it was of great account.

A goodly bridge of stone here.

The Towne and the bridge with the vyolent Riuer before that Towne.

Betweene the Towne, and Abbey built it was,
The Towne is nære, the goodly Riuer Dée,
That vnderneath, a Bridge of stone doth passe,
And still on Rocke, the water runnes you see
A wondrous way, a thing full rare and straunge,
That Rocke cannot, the course of water chaunge:
For in the streame, huge stones and Rocks remayne,
That backward might, the flood of force constrayne.

From

From thence to Chirke, are Mountaynes all a rowe,
As though in ranke, and battaile Mountaynes stood:
And ouer them, the bitter winde doth blowe,
And whirles betwixt, the valley and the wood.
Chirke is a place, that parts another Sheere,
And as by Trench, and Mount doth well appeere:
It kept those bounds, from forrayne force and power,
That men might sleepe, in suretie euery hower.

Here Denbighshiere, departs from writers pen,
And Flintshiere now, comes brauely marching in,
With Castles fine, with proper Townes and men,
Whereof in verse, my matter must begin:
Not for to fayne, and please the tender eares,
But to be playne, as worlds eye witnesse beares:
Not by heresay, as fables are set out,
But by good proofe, of newe to boyd a dout.

A little spoke of Flintshiere.

The Author fell sicke here.

When Sommer sweete, hath blowne ore Winters blast,
And waies ware hard, that now are soft and foule:
When calmie Skyes, sayth bitter stormes are past,
And Clowdes ware cleere, that now doth lowre and skoule,
My muse I hope, shall be reuiu'de againe,
That now lyes dead, or rockt a sleepe with paine.
For labour long, hath wearied so the wit,
That studious head, a while in rest must sit:
But when the Spring, comes on with newe delite,
You shall from me, heare what my muse doth write.

The writer takes here breath till a better season serues.

Here endeth my first booke of the worthines of Wales: which being wel taken, wil encourage me to set forth another: in which work, not only the rest of the Shieres (that now are not written of) shalbe orderly put in print, but likewise all ỹ auncient Armes of Gentlemen there in general shalbe plainly described & set out, to the open vewe of the world, if God permit me life and health, towards the finishing of so great a labour.

FINIS. Thomas Churchyard.

Churchyards Armes.